

DECEMBER FICTION NUMBER

# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION  
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*The Illustrator in the Middle Ages*

Stories by Rudyard Kipling, Gouverneur Morris, Harvey J. O'Higgins

# Nothing "Pinched"—Nothing "Skimped" in This \$1500 Car

Without going into the technical details of motor car construction, please answer this question:

Some cars have *four brakes*—two sets—both sets acting directly on the rear wheels without throwing *any* strain on the machinery.

Other cars have *three brakes*—one set of two acting on the rear wheels—and the other *single* brake (the one most used) acting on the power transmission.

The cars with three brakes throw most of the braking strain on the very shaft and gears where the constant driving strain is greatest.

And the only excuse for the three-brake car is that three brakes are cheaper to install than four.

But the economy stops when the car is built. For that single transmission brake, doing the work of two brakes, and throwing its strain on the driving mechanism will cost you many times, in the end, what an extra set of brakes on the wheels would have cost at the outset.

The question is: Do you want a car whose makers "skimp" and "pinch" on quality in order to make an attractive first-cost price?

Or do you want a car built to give long, satisfactory service—a car that embodies the best, the surest, the safest construction that eight years of successful experience have taught?

The \$1500 five-passenger, four cylinder Mitchell is such a car.

There is nothing "pinched"—nothing "skimped."

Instead, more than \$300 worth of extra automobile value has been added. A \$150 Splitdorf Magneto—extra large tires—and other features that add to the comfort, economy, certainty and safety of motoring.

The Mitchell car has four rear-wheel brakes—and no transmission brake.

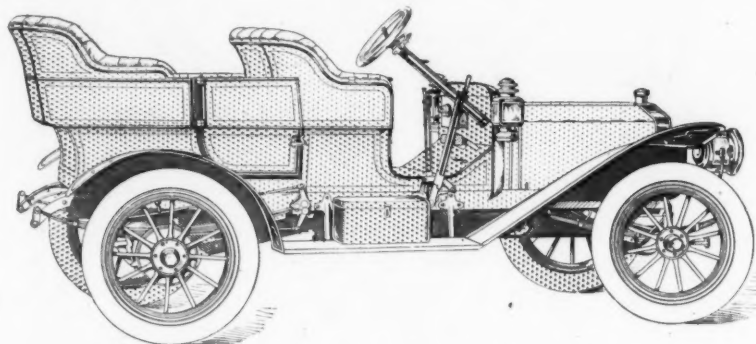
But the brakes are merely an illustration.

There are countless other ways in which some manufacturers cheapen their cars. And countless other cases where the Mitchell has adopted the costliest construction because it is the best.

Please examine all the other cars at near the Mitchell price; see how ingeniously some makers have cheapened their cars—at your expense.

Cylinders cast in one piece, instead of separately—important bearings omitted—insufficient tires furnished—a hundred other "economies" that must eventually come out of the car owner's pocket.

Then see the splendid \$1500 Mitchell and judge for yourself which car you want.



## Avoid "Automobile Troubles" by Buying the Right Car

The way to avoid automobile troubles is to avoid buying the wrong car.

Tire trouble, for example, is frequently due not to the tires themselves but to the fact that manufacturers, in order to economize, equip their cars with tires that are too small for the strains which they must stand.

You can avoid this needless tire trouble by buying the \$1500 Mitchell car described here.

This car is equipped with 32x4 inch tires when, theoretically, 30x3½ inch tires would be big enough.

Another common automobile trouble is ignition trouble.

Many manufacturers skimp their cars by equipping them with a battery of dry cells costing 70 cents—and by providing a place for you to attach the right kind of sparking device when, by painful road experience, you find that the dry cell battery will not do.

The new \$1500 Mitchell car comes to you equipped, not only with the dry cell battery, but with a \$150 Splitdorf Magneto direct connected with the engine.

Such equipment is a guarantee against ignition troubles.

Still another common automobile trouble is the trouble of overheated engines—caused by insufficient lubrication—inefficient water cooling.

We build the \$1500 Mitchell to stay cool on the desert sands of Nevada. We use the best method of lubrication that can be found in any car regardless of price. We pump just twice as much water through the water jackets, per minute, as any other car. That is why the Mitchell engine stays cool—that is why it will run cheerfully and smoothly through the most trying ordeal you will ever give it.

There are axle troubles, there are carburettor troubles, there are transmission troubles, crank shaft troubles—troubles uncounted—that beset the man who buys the wrong car.

But in the Mitchell, just as we have eliminated possible brake trouble, possible tire trouble, possible ignition trouble, possible overheated engine trouble—just so have we eliminated all of the other troubles which eight years of motor car experience have developed.

In these eight years we have built more than 8,000 Mitchell cars. \$11,000,000.00 worth of Mitchell cars now in active, satisfactory service on the road.

And the result is a car at a low price, containing perfections, refinements, superiorities of the kind that come only with experience.

And more.

It is not enough for us to know that

our design is right, that our material is perfect, that our workmanship is of the best.

It is not enough for us to know that the 8,000 cars that we have made are right.

We must know that the particular car you buy is right.

So we test it as though we were making a car a year, instead of fifteen cars a day.

We test it on the roughest roads of eastern Wisconsin—we give it actual road punishment of from 100 to 250 miles—over hills—through sand—on straight stretches—the kind of a test you would give it if you were testing it yourself.

Compare this four-cylinder five-passenger \$1500 Mitchell with any of the other cars at near the Mitchell price. Or compare it with the best American cars, no matter what their cost or pretensions.

You will not find in any of them more vanadium or nickel steel. You will not find more perfect engines. You will not find a proven superiority which this \$1500 Mitchell lacks.

This \$1500 Mitchell is an imposing looking car.

It has a wheel base of 105 inches. The body is wholly of metal. The upholstery is luxurious. The wheels are big—32 inches—fitted with detachable rims and four-inch tires.

The engine is housed under a big, handsome hood. The four cylinders are cast separately, as the best engines always are. 28-30 horsepower.

Aluminum castings are employed wherever possible—only we go to the trouble and expense of strengthening them with bronze where there is wear and strain.

There are two complete ignition systems—the \$150 Splitdorf magneto, geared direct to the engine, and a regular battery system.

The lubricating system is the best that we have found in eight years of experience—certain in operation—economical in oil.

The transmission is of the selective sliding gear type—as in \$5000 to \$7000 cars.

The battery and tool boxes, made of baked enamel steel, are furnished without extra expense to you.

The tonneau is detachable—and you have your choice of either tonneau, surrey body rumble seat roadster, or runabout deck at the \$1500 price.

Complete specifications and photographs of the working parts will be gladly sent.

Don't buy any car until you know all about this wonderful \$1500 Mitchell K. Please use the coupon.

**Mitchell Motor Car Co., Racine, Wis.**  
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You may send me a detailed description of your new \$1500 Model K.

Name.....

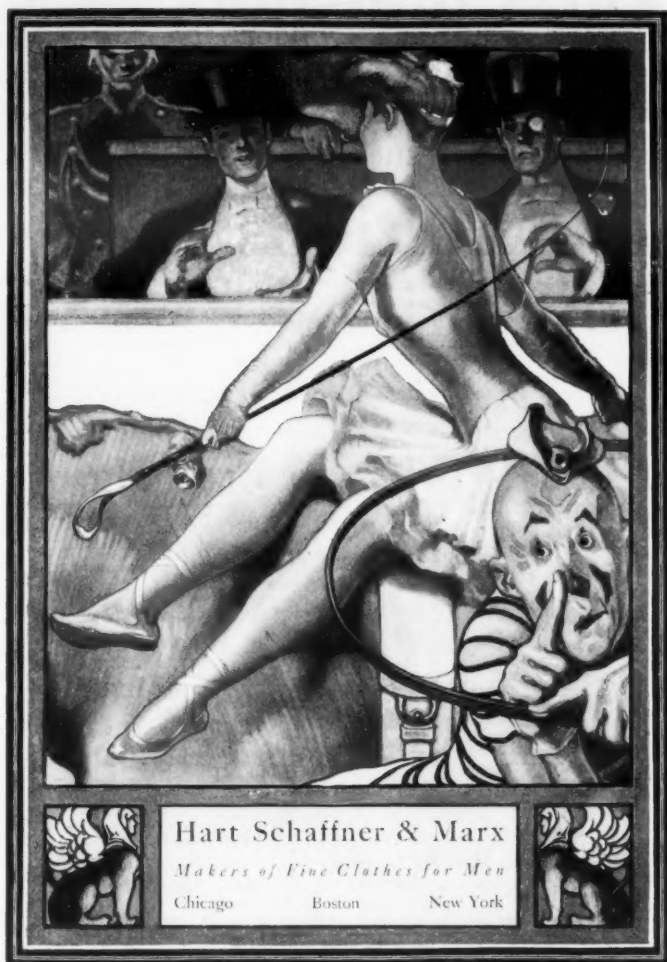
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2A

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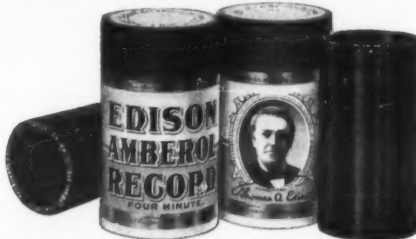
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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

# Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, November 28, 1908



## January Fiction Number

On December 26 we shall publish our Fiction Number for January. The three stories are: "Ladies in Lavender," by William J. Locke, "The Whole World Kin," by Alfred Henry Lewis, and "Three Saved," by Wilson Mizner. This arrangement really gives our readers two Christmas Numbers, as this Fiction Number reaches them ahead of the holiday.

## The New Department

When a book is mentioned in these columns, and often when it is not, inquiries flow in about the publisher and the price, and sometimes a tentative sum of money is enclosed. The habit of reading books being one to encourage, we have, as announced last month, decided to burden a branch of our organization regularly with the task of supplying books from any publisher to any of our readers. Inquiries should be addressed to Manager of the Book Department, Collier's, New York. The inquirer will be informed about the cost, and when his remittance is received the book or books will be sent on. Collier's thus becomes a headquarters for any books, whether published by us or not.

Judging by the number of subscribers who are writing to us, either ordering books or asking our friendly advice about books, the Book Department seems to be rendering a real service.

## Big Trees and Your Congressman

Arthur Ruhl's "The Last of the Big Trees," in Collier's for September 19, has stirred our readers as movingly as the story of some lone child in distress. Each friend who has written in to this office about the article has had some suggestion to make for the rescue of the Big Trees.

It has been proposed, for instance, that the school children of the United States should combine on a fund to save the trees.

A Grand Forks, North Dakota, physician writes:

"Your article has stirred my heart to its very depths, and if you should decide to try to save the trees by popular subscription, put me on the list for \$25."

A definite way in which each reader may help is by importing his own Congressman to get action on the bills that are now lying asleep in committee or in other capacious receptacles of Joseph Cannon. A bill to create the Calaveras Big Tree National Forest was introduced in the Senate on December 7, 1907, by Senator Perkins. It has passed the Senate, and on April 13, 1908, it was reported out of the House Committee on Public Lands. The House of Representatives has not taken a vote on it. Two bills have been introduced, one by Senator Flint and the other by Congressman Smith of California, "providing a means for acquiring title to private holdings in the Sequoia and General Grant National Parks in the State of California." These two bills have been referred to the Committees on Public Land in the Senate and the House, respectively, but neither has been reported out of committee.

Why not take a leisure moment and urge your Senator and Congressman to apply pressure to a lethargic Congress and a picturesque Speaker?

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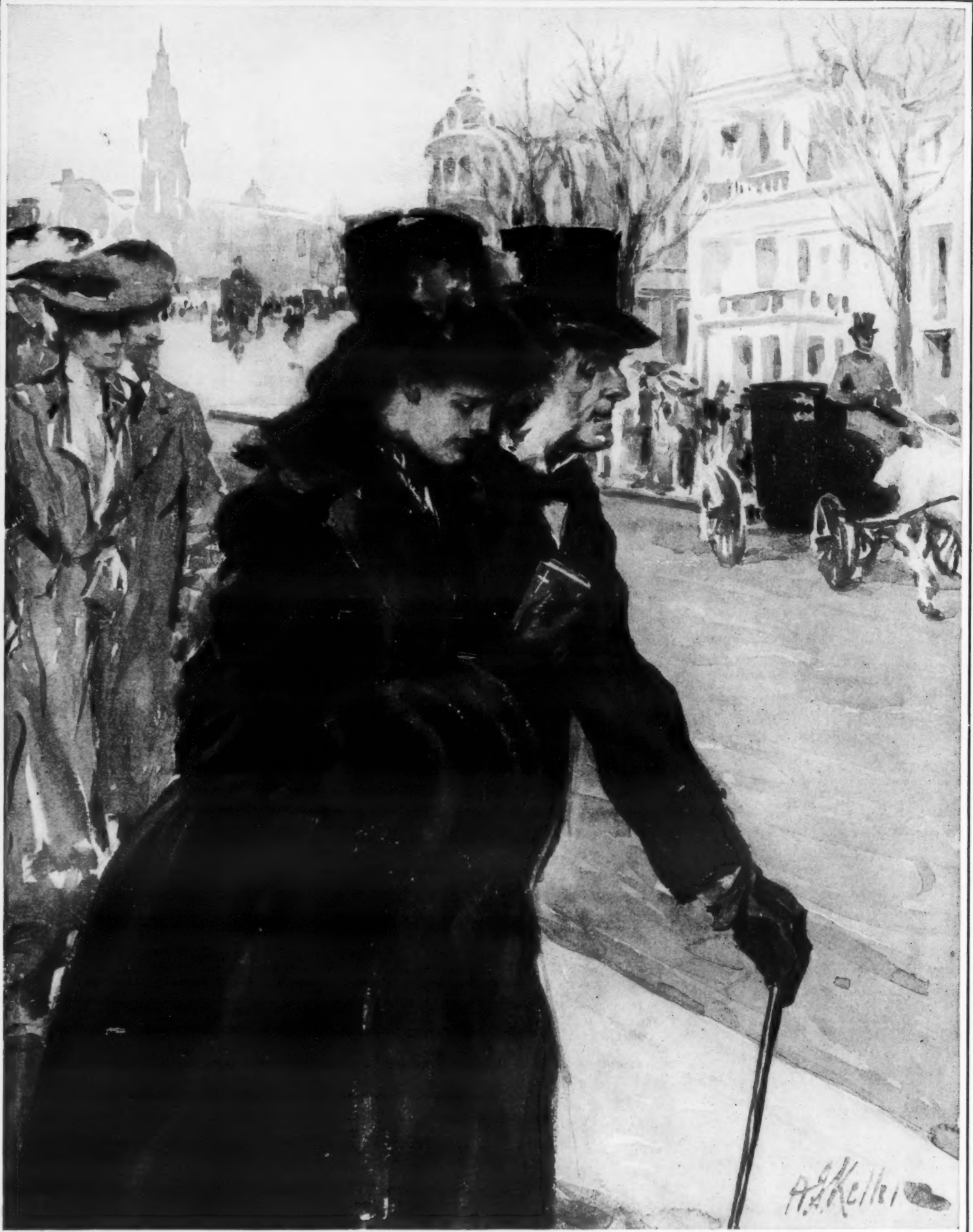
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# Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

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NEW YORK

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION  
PROPERTY



DO NOT TAKE FROM ROOM.

November 28, 1908

## Courts



**L**AWYERS ARE CONSERVATIVE and clannish. Criticism, from others than themselves, of their profession provokes resentment. The following sentences were spoken by a lawyer of large experience and unquestioned respect for the courts:

"There has been manifested, in our Appellate Court, too great a disposition to reverse cases for error in the trial below. . . . The microscopic vision of an analytical but technical mind . . . leads to unnecessary reversals and consequent delays."

"Nothing so disgusts . . . business men . . . the intelligent and active men of a community . . . and makes them so anxious to avoid jury service as the delays which occur before their eyes in the ordinary administration of justice in our courts."

" . . . By the introduction of a system for the settlement of *damage suits of all employees against employers through official arbitration and without resort to jury trials* . . . a large mass of litigation that now blocks our courts would be settled with despatch . . . in such a case the compensation of attorneys ought to be fixed at a small percentage upon the recovery. This would end some of the grossest abuses which have been perpetrated upon poor plaintiffs."

"The inevitable effect of the delays incident to the machinery now required in a settlement of controversies in judicial tribunals is to put at a disadvantage the poor litigant and to give great advantage to his wealthy opponent."

"It is almost of as much importance that the court of first instance should decide promptly as that it should decide right."

"Could any greater opportunity be put in the hands of powerful corporations to fight off just claims, to defeat, injure, or modify the legal rights of poor litigants, than to permit the wealthy defeated party to carry his case through three more courts? Every change of procedure that limits the right of appeal works for the benefit in the end of the poor litigant and puts him more on an equality with the wealthy opponent."

"I believe it is in the interest of the public at large to promote equality between litigants, to take upon the Government much more than has already been done the burden of private litigation."

"Lynching in many parts of the country is directly traceable to the lack of uniformity and thoroughness in the enforcement of our criminal laws. This is a defect which must be remedied or it will ultimately destroy the Republic."

"In the Philippines we have adopted the system of refusing a judge his regular monthly stipend unless he can file a certificate with his receipt for his salary, in which he certifies on honor that he has disposed of all the business submitted to him within the previous sixty days. This has had a marvelously good effect in keeping the docket of the court clear."

And, finally, this:

"Lawyers are apt to fall into an error of supposing that litigants are made for courts instead of courts for litigants, and there is a conservatism among the leading members of the bar that too frequently obstructs the bringing about of proper remedies of such defects as those I have mentioned."

These are more radical than any criticisms of the courts that we have ventured. They were uttered by WILLIAM H. TAFT at a public dinner in Chicago, Wednesday, October 7, 1908. We believe that Mr. TAFT thinks along the lines he here indicates more strongly than upon any other subject. And we predict that his unusual opportunity in the filling of four vacancies on the Supreme bench, his appointments of Federal judges throughout the country, his influence on legislation, and the prestige of his position will be focused upon effecting these reforms.

## The Parent of Crime

**E**SPECIALLY POTENT, at this moment, is the following annotation, by the distinguished KERR, attached to Section 1,239 of the Penal Code of California:

"It is a regrettable matter that a practise has grown up in the courts of this State, fostered by the course of decision in the Supreme Court, which is cavilingly critical and irritatingly, if not irrationally, technical to such an extent that the system of practise in this State—which it was the aim and object of the codes to free from all technicality—has become the most notoriously technical in the whole country, in which a kind of cunning and subterfuge obtains where broad-minded culture should rule in the trial and determination of causes."

This technicality, this cunning and subterfuge, is responsible for several attempted murders, has led to universal local distrust of the courts, and has banished order and tranquillity from an entire community.

## Heney

**T**HE UNDOING of FRANCIS J. HENEY has been plotted for months by those, high and low, whom he has sought to bring to justice. The home and other property of GALLAGHER, HENEY's State witness, has been dynamited. Threats have been freely made against HENEY's life. Only a few weeks ago he was surprised, sitting with a friend on

the veranda of a California hotel some distance from San Francisco, where he had gone over Sunday, by two men who attempted to pick a quarrel and quickly pulled guns, but HENEY, suspicious, wisely held his temper. The son of the Arizona physician whom HENEY was compelled in self-defense to kill many years ago has recently made the public statement that ABE RUEF tried to hire him for a money consideration to go to Arizona and seek to have HENEY indicted on the old charge. The young man declined, and announced that a full investigation of the case warranted him in exonerating HENEY. Whether or not HAAS was a tool, he derived the nerve, encouragement, and moral sustenance for his deed from the public clamor against HENEY manufactured by the Southern Pacific Railroad, by PATRICK CALHOUN, and by WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST. HEARST, during the recent campaign, was hissed at a public meeting in San Francisco for a covert attack on HENEY. HEARST's San Francisco paper, the "Examiner," has printed daily cartoons ridiculing HENEY as "Beany," caricaturing SPRECKELS as "Pickles," whose leg was pulled by HENEY, and holding BURNS up to public scorn as "Tabasco Hot Stuff of the Detective Force." So conscious was the "Examiner" of its part in incitement that, on the night after the attempted murder of HENEY, its staff felt it necessary to barricade the editorial rooms. HENEY's personal danger has been fully known by every one who came in touch with the graft prosecution. If DUNNE were taken, another judge could be found; if they got SPRECKELS, a substitute might readily arise, or aroused public opinion might make him unnecessary. BURNS's work was largely finished; but HENEY's death would make the criminals secure. His fearless following of his course has been one of the finest examples of indomitable moral courage that the United States has recently afforded.

## Revision—Upward

**T**HE MACHINERY FOR TARIFF REVISION is under way. DALZELL is reelected and resumes his place of power. "I think," says he, "it will be found that few changes in the existing law are needed." Mr. PAYNE is back and will be chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. He does not "believe that the recent election settled the question whether or not the people favor a radical revision of existing schedules." Uncle JOE is encouraged by his Danville victory. He says: "If you will turn to the tariff plank of the Republican platform you will see just what it is proposed to do." That plank was the strongest declaration for a very high protective tariff ever incorporated into any national party platform. The result of the election was a preference for Mr. TAFT's personality rather than Mr. BRYAN'S. The entrenched Republican Party will interpret it as they please, and in all likelihood the country is to have a sliding-scale tariff with the present duties as a minimum, and some new soaring height as a maximum. The plutocrats can take care of themselves; labor is organized and can look after its own; the farmers, through bounteous crops, have the full bushel basket and can pay the inflated price of all they buy. But who will look after the unorganized middle class, the man with a fixed income, and the salaried man who doesn't belong to a union?

## A Test

**O**REGON ADOPTED A DIRECT PRIMARY LAW for the election of United States Senators. It was the first State to do so, and it has now been imitated by more than ten others. Oregon's new law, the first time in operation, resulted in the naming of a Democrat, Governor GEORGE E. CHAMBERLAIN. Six months later, at the recent November election, Oregon went strongly Republican. Since then the following has been a favorite slogan on the part of those who want the coming Oregon Legislature to evade or defy the mandate of the people through their Direct Primary Law:

"We are convinced that a State which gave TAFT a plurality of nearly 25,000 does not want a Democratic United States Senator."

Simultaneously in the West, some newspapers of large circulation and presumed influence are running on the editorial pages a series of legal decisions of ancient vintage, evidently collected by the same hand, garbled and expurgated, with the unmistakable design of paving the way for a popular approval of future court decisions which are expected to undo the work of the people. These newspapers overlook the fact that in the last campaign many States whose electoral votes will be

east for Mr. TAFT, and which likewise elected Republican Legislatures, declared in favor of Democratic Governors. The people of Oregon evidently appreciate the fact that one upright Democratic Senator is worth to them any two or a dozen corporation-controlled Republican Senators. They are leaders in the universal revolt against conditions which have prevailed in the Senate, and not a mob of irresponsible electors. Oregon has been utterly disgusted with the legislative hold-ups and factional fights of the past. In 1901 it took fifty-three ballots and twenty-two days for the Oregon Legislature to elect its Senator. When CHARLES W. FULTON was elected in 1903, forty-two ballots were taken and thirty-two days were consumed in the election. Barter and sale and political pulling and hauling were common. The Oregon Legislature can now elect the people's choice and go about its legislative work and adjourn. The Oregonians have made a long and hard fight for political justice and fair-dealing. Either the present law or some equally effective mode of popular expression they are determined to have. If Oregon does not like its present method of choosing United States Senators, Oregon can change its statute. But to evade the plain effect of the law, while it remains on the books, would be, on the part of a commonwealth, an unusually saddening spectacle of moral deterioration. The choice of the people of Oregon can be undone at the coming session of the Legislature only by the acts of six men. These six must come from among thirty-six whose names are known. The six must forswear their solemn written pledges. That it would be necessary for them to flee the State after their apostasy goes without saying. But their ignominy would follow them. There is a precedent for them in the case of three members of a former Pennsylvania Legislature.

#### Unequivocal Language

IN OUR ARTICLE on "Naval Control" Mr. CONNOLLY described the system of distributing naval appropriations as political pork to the States represented on the Naval Committee of the Senate, in language which might suggest that Senator HALE personally shares improperly in these political spoils. It is characteristic of the rugged vigor of Senator HALE's indifference to what is said about him that he should ignore such an imputation. But we are unwilling to let language that suggests so unfair an inference remain equivocal. Every Senator on the Naval Committee grabs appropriations for shipyards in his own State. Even the vehement TILLMAN sees that the useless drydock at Port Royal is cared for. Doubtless, too, the local jobs which flow from the navy yard at Kittery are part of Senator HALE's political capital. But we had as soon charge HALE with demagoguery as with manipulating the naval appropriations for his personal financial profit. We think he has been for a decade the one man who blocks the way to an efficiently conducted navy. We think he is as powerful an enemy to progress as CANNON or ALDRICH. Probably nine out of every ten votes he casts in the Senate are opposed to our way of thinking. But we believe he is as incorruptible personally as he is stubborn.

#### Build Now

THIS PAPER does not often take the risk of volunteering financial counsel. Just a year ago, based upon economics and the times, we advised those who had idle money to put it in standard stocks and first-class bonds. We now venture another bit of advice based upon the coming end of the era of depression. If you intend to build soon, do it now. Borrow, if necessary, whatever, under your own circumstances, is a prudent portion of the cost. All the elements for such an operation are cheap. Money loans at the lowest rates for years; labor is a little less costly than it has been for years, much lower than it will be for a long time to come. The materials for construction, especially lumber, are very cheap. Flooring, in most localities, is twenty per cent below its price a year ago; and hardwood may be had for the former cost of soft woods. Build now for your own advantage; you will employ idle labor, relieve dealers of their stocks, and help along prosperity for all. For such as reside where the weather makes present building impossible, the opportunity may wait till spring, but surely not much longer.

#### Innovations

THE PHONOGRAPH in a new rôle is exhibited by the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise. A speaker for the society unlimbers the instrument and slips into it a record depicting some unnecessary phase of city bedlam. One such record reproduces the cacophony of a single huckster who blows a trumpet and at the same time rings a big bell. Another echoes a duet between an elevated train and a flat-wheel surface car. When enacted before a Board of Aldermen this auricular argument should speak more strongly than any mere vocal eloquence. So does invention complicate custom. How soon will the phonograph appear in the court-room, its flaring mouth directed toward the jury-box to reproduce a dying statement? How soon will judges search the ancient books to determine the bearing of the "hearsay rule," and the "best evidence rule" on this new sort of testimony? New moral standards and changed economic conditions have a longer and harder struggle getting recognition from the courts than physical inventions like the telephone and the telegraph; and this resistance of the judges to intellectual, intangible innovations is the backbone of intelligent criticism of the courts.

#### The Kaiser

DESPITE AN OCCASIONAL SPEECH in the Reichstag, the German people have no intention of rebuking the Kaiser. Rather, they are intent on preserving their pride in him. Their resentment is directed against the Ministry which failed to advise and restrain him. The Kaiser's glaring indiscretion of telling all the truth was not his first episode of the kind; but reckless frankness is a lovable quality. The Germans think of the Kaiser as the symbol of the nation, and they feel a hurt to him as to themselves. They like to think the King can do no wrong, and they are angry at the Ministry which let him put himself in a false position. They want the Ministry hereafter to be responsible to them that they may the sooner punish it for failure in its duty toward the Kaiser. Nevertheless, in effect, a political revolution may come as softly as this.

#### Consideration

THE BELATED CHRISTMAS SHOPPER too rarely realizes his cruelty. This suffering is no sentimental figment, but real. To stand upon her feet through daylight hours and far into the night, to breathe and rebreathe all day the "dead" air caused by the throngs, to answer tirelessly and cheerily the thousand and one queries which bubble from the lips of bargain seekers, to keep this up for two weeks preceding Christmas—such is the routine of the clerk and shop-girl under our present Yuletide régime. And for this state of affairs the laggard buyer is largely to blame. By making purchases early in December, the "holiday rush" would be distributed throughout the month instead of focalizing on the week before Christmas. This suggestion is neither new nor original. But we harp upon it for the sake of alleviating evils caused in a measure by purely thoughtless procrastination.

#### One Practical Step Toward Uplift

A MOST SENSIBLE CIRCULAR has been sent by the Superintendent of Public Instruction in Illinois to every county superintendent, which begins with these words:

"Illinois is a great corn State. The work, the wealth, and the welfare of a large portion of our people are and must continue to be vitally dependent on this great crop. Every effort to create an intelligent interest in corn and corn culture in the minds of our boys and girls should receive the earnest and hearty encouragement of school officials. It has educational as well as economic value."

Friday, November 6, was appointed Corn Carnival Day in all the country schools of the State. This is sensible, practical, and sentimentally uplifting. Farming should be taught in every rural school. A farmer's boy who has just gone through a country school is better fitted to be a clerk or a book-keeper than to go back to his father's farm. For him the department store or the corporation office is the path of least resistance. Thereby the ill-judged curriculum of the country school accelerates one of the greatest social and economic mischiefs of our time. In possessing a law requiring the teaching of agriculture in the public schools, Oklahoma stands alone. In Arkansas one is proposed, and the President's commission on farming ought to result in widespread provision for teaching farmers' sons to be farmers.

#### Strange Bedfellows

FROM AN ADVERTISEMENT in the "Wall Street Journal":

ANDREW J. McCORMACK, Auctioneer  
REGULAR AUCTION SALE OF  
**STOCKS AND BONDS**  
WEDNESDAY, Nov. 11, 1908  
at 12:30 o'clock, at the  
EXCHANGE SALESROOM,  
Nos. 14 AND 16 VESEY STREET.  
BY ORDER OF EXECUTORS  
Pew No. 63, Grace Church, Broadway and 10th Street, north  
side, southerly side  
10ths Consumers Brewing Co. of N. Y. Ltd.

#### A Domestic Difficulty

A MANUFACTURER, whose business stationery indicates large enterprises, writes us from "SOMERVILLE (near Boston), MASS.":

"EDITOR COLLIER'S:

"Now that you have about got thro' with Patent Medicines and such, I suggest that you tell us what is the best and most nourishing food to bring up a family on. My wife persists in feeding my growing boys on blanc mange and jellies and such stuff. I tell her it is no good, that good bread and butter with a little jam and milk is about the best for them. That's what I was brought up on.

"How would it do to print each week a daily bill of fare for a family? As things now go in my house, it seems to be all left to the hired girl. We get little variety, and so occasionally I skip into town to get fed up.

"Yours truly, A— B—."

We'd be glad to help, but we aren't sure the hired girl is a constant reader of COLLIER'S. What interests absorb this wife's time—woman suffrage? Colonial Dames? We're in hearty sympathy with the father's old-fashioned ideas about diet. Dr. WILEY the other night satirized some new-fangled claims which flourish in the advertising columns and pointed out that so-called "brain-foods" are at the same time and in the same degree foods for the big toe. Maybe Mr. B. ought to apply to Dr. WORCESTER and the Emmanuel movement; the preachers appear to be absorbing a good many things that folks used to go to doctors about, and many of the heart-to-heart functions of editors as well. After all, in the nature of the case there's a silver lining to

the domestic cloud which sends a man into Boston for a hot dog at JAKY WIRTH'S or a deep dish apple pie at Mrs. GRIDLEY'S.

#### Minerva in the Tropics

FROM GUATEMALA, where the bananas come from, comes also a copy of the "Guatemala Post," bearing on its front page the photograph of an Ionic temple of Minerva, dedicated to the "studious youth" of the republic by Señor Presidente MANUEL ESTRADA CABRERA. The temple is one of several which have been erected since 1899, when President CABRERA decreed that on the last Sunday of October of each year should be held a solemn celebration "dedicated to the exaltation of the education of the young." It is a pleasure, at this distance, to run over the program of the four radiant days which have just been celebrated in the little Guatemala capital. We can see the bands parading the streets and the ranks of pupils marching toward this beautiful temple of Minerva; faintly we hear the sonorous Spanish oratory, observe the "presentation of colors to the infantile battalion," the

battle of flowers, the discourses by "Professor Miss VICTORIA ESPINOZA T. and Professor Miss MERCEDES ANDREU," and then, at night, illuminations and the "cinematografo." They are proud of their schools, in Guatemala. The higher institutions include schools of law, medicine, surgery, dentistry, pharmacy, and commerce. There are also night schools for artisans and workmen. In the last issue of the "Bulletin of American Republics" is the picture of another Minerva temple, that on the shores of the lovely Lake Amatitlan. The splendid tropic sunshine pours down on its roof and gilds its pillars, making the shade underneath—the temple is only a roof supported by Doric pillars—all the more grateful; the blue waters of the lake spread out below the trees, and beyond, looming far above and dominating the scene, is the cone of a lofty volcano. Many vagrant impulses assail one as the leaden skies of our northern winter begin to close over and shut in the city's noise. One of them is that of being transported to Amatitlan, there to recline beneath the Doric portico, and, looking out upon that blue lake and still volcano, dream absent-mindedly of Culture.



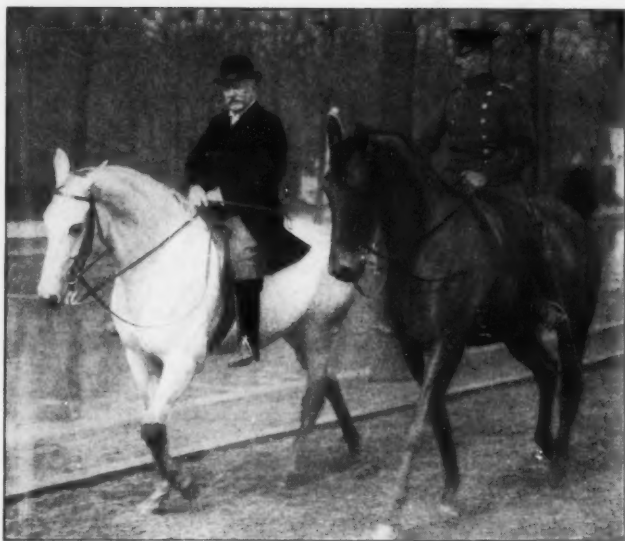
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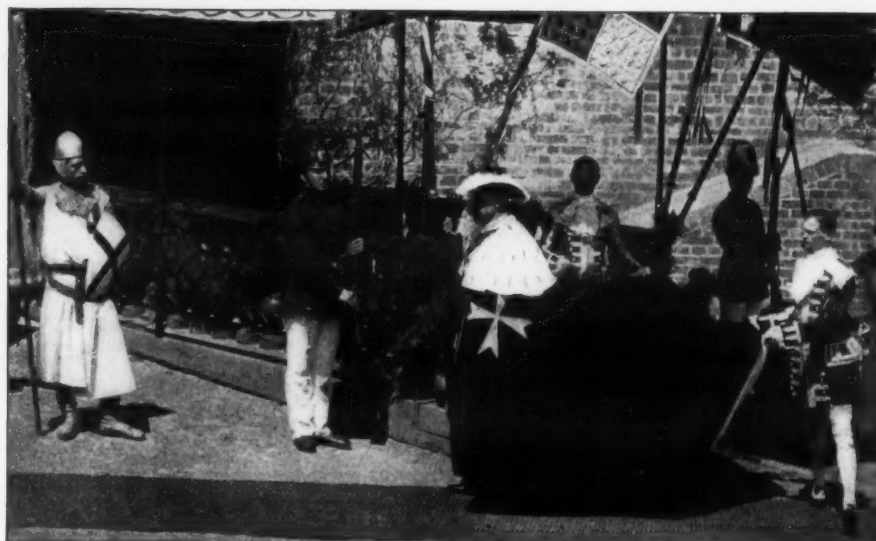
Ending the Boer War



On to London!



Prince von Bülow, Chancellor of the German Empire



The Kaiser foregathers with the Knights of St. John at "Marienburg," near Dantz

## An Imperial Indiscretion



THE German Emperor has taken the center of the international stage by an interview in the London "Daily Telegraph" between the Emperor and a "representative Englishman." The anonymous Englishman calls the affair a "calculated indiscretion." The Emperor spoke of the English as "mad as March hares." He described his yearning for peace with England, and said that in Windsor Castle a report is still resting that shows his refusal to cooperate with France and Russia in calling on England to end the Boer War. He stated that in the same archives is his plan of campaign for the English in South Africa—a plan that was in large part adopted by Lord Roberts. He explained his pro-British friendliness in such actions as sending the German Consul at Algiers to Fez and increasing the navy.

The German people and the Reichstag have proceeded to place responsibility for the interview. The article in manuscript was sent by the Emperor to the Chancellor, Prince von Bülow, who forwarded it to the Foreign Office. When the "Daily Telegraph" article appeared, the Chancellor told the Emperor he had not read the article in manuscript. It was stated that the Foreign Office believed they were passing on the manuscript for the accuracy of its statements, dates, and facts, and not on the wisdom of its being published. The Chancellor offered his resignation, which was not accepted. A large section of the German people are agitating to make the Ministry henceforth responsible to the Reichstag and not to the Emperor.

On November 17 the Kaiser met the nation's demand for Imperial reticence. He promised henceforth to conform himself to constitutional methods of conducting the policies of Germany. An official note stated:

"HIS Majesty perceives that his principal Imperial task is to insure the stability of the policies of the Empire, under the guardianship of constitutional responsibilities. In conformity therewith, his Majesty the Emperor approves the Chancellor's utterances in the Reichstag and assures Prince von Bülow of his continued confidence."

## Hoch! Der Kaiser!

These verses were recited and became famous at a Union League Club dinner in New York to some naval officers on April 21, 1899. It took three years to quiet the international vibrations

DER Kaiser of his Fatherland  
Und Gott on high all dings command,  
Ve two—ach! Don't you understand,  
Myself—and Gott!

VILE some men sing der power divine  
Mine soldiers sing "Die Wacht am Rhein,"  
Und drink der health in a Rheinisch wine  
Of Me—and Gott!

DERE'S France, she swaggers all aroundt,  
She's ausgespielt.  
To much me think she don't amount;  
Myself—and Gott!

SHE will not dare to fight again,  
But if she shouldt, I'll show her blain  
Dot Elsass und (in French) Lorraine  
Are Mein—by Gott!

DERE'S grandma dinks she is nicht small beer,  
Midt Boers und such she interferes:  
She'll learn none owns dis hemisphere  
But Me—and Gott!

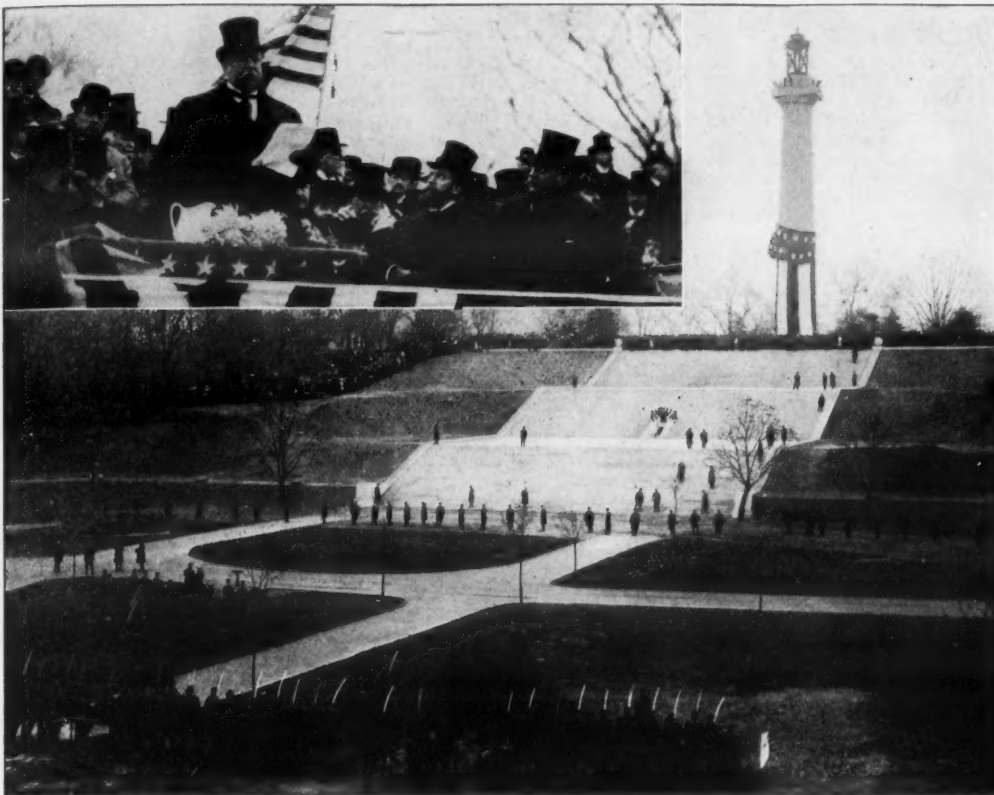
SHE dinks, good frau, some ships she's got  
Und soldiers midt der scarlet goat.  
Ach! We could knock dem! Pouf! Like dot,  
Myself—midt Gott!

IN dimes of peace brebare for wars,  
I bear der spear und helm of Mars,  
Und care not for den thousand Czars,  
Myself—midt Gott!

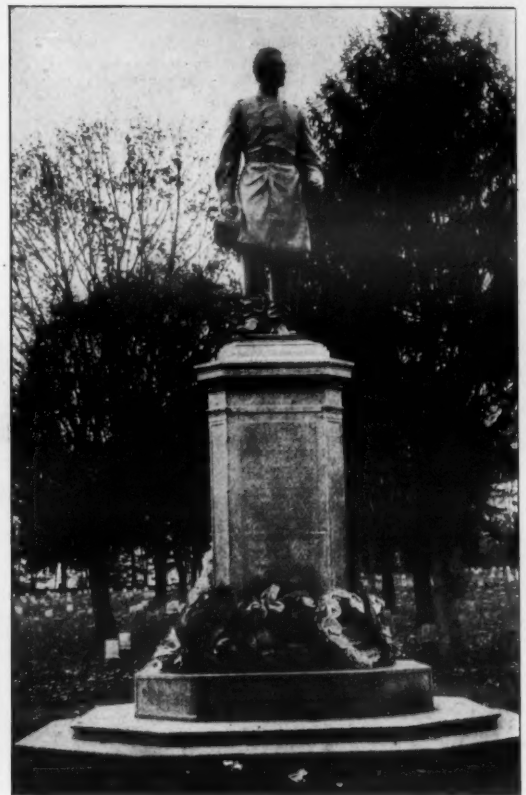
IN fact, I humor efry rhim,  
With aspect dark und visage grim:  
Gott pulls mit Me und I mit him,  
Myself—and Gott!



The royal attitude of waiting for luncheon.  
The Kaiser with poised foot and muffed  
hands is next to the Grand Duke Michael of  
Russia—in front of the luncheon marquee



The Prison Ship Martyrs' Monument, 145 feet high, erected at the entrance to Fort Greene Park, Brooklyn, November 14, in honor of the sailors who died in the prison hulks in Wallabout Bay. To the left is President-elect Taft addressing the assembled throng. Governor Hughes and Secretary Wright also spoke



Monument raised in Fredericksburg National Cemetery by Pennsylvania to commemorate the charge of General Humphreys's Division of the Army of the Potomac

# THE BRIDE'S DEAD

The Tale of the Masterful Sailor Who Shepherded the Weaklings

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS



ONLY Farallone's face was untroubled. His big, bold eyes held a kind of grim humor, and he rolled them unblinkingly from the groom to the bride, and back again. His duck trousers, drenched and stained with sea water, clung to the great muscles of his legs, particles of damp sand glistened upon his naked feet, and the hairless bronze of his chest and columnar throat glowed through the openings of his torn and buttonless shirt. Except for the life and vitality that literally sparkled from him, he was more like a statue of a shipwrecked sailor than the real article itself. Yet he had not the proper attributes of a shipwrecked sailor. There was neither despair upon his countenance nor hunger; instead a kind of enjoyment, and the expression of one who has been set free. Indeed, he must have secured a kind of liberty, for after the years of serving one master and another, he had, in our recent struggle with the sea, but served himself. His was the mind and his the hand that had brought us at length to that desert coast. He it was that had extended to us the ghost of a chance. He who so recently had been but one of forty in the groom's luxurious employ; a polisher of brass, a holystoner of decks, a wage-earning paragon who was not permitted to think, was now a thinker and a strategist, a wage-taker from no man, and the obvious master of us three.

The bride slept on the sand where Farallone had laid her. Her stained and draggled clothes were beginning to dry and her hair to blaze in the pulsing rays of the sun. Her breath came and went with the long-drawn placidity of deep sleep. One shoe had been torn from her by the surf, and through a tear in her left stocking blinked a pink and tiny toe. Her face lay upon her arm and was hidden by it, and by her blazing hair. In the loose-jointed abandon of exhaustion and sleep she had the effect of a flower that has wilted; the color and the fabric were still lovely, but the robust erectness and crispness were gone. The groom, almost unmannered and wholly forlorn, sat beside her in a kind of huddled attitude, as if he was very cold. He had drawn his knees close to his chest, and held them in that position with thin clasped fingers. His hair, which he wore rather long, was in a wild tangle, and his neat eyeglasses with their black cord looked absurdly out of keeping with his general dishevelment. The groom, never strong or robust, looked as if he had shrunk. The bride, too, looked as if she had shrunk, and I certainly felt as if I had. But, however strong the contrast between us three small humans and the vast stretches of empty ocean and desert coast, there was no diminution about Farallone, but the contrary. I

Nov. 28

have never seen the presence of a man loom so strongly and so large. He sat upon his rock with a kind of vastness, so bold and strong he seemed, so utterly unperturbed. Suddenly the groom, a kind of querulous shiver in his voice, spoke.

"The brandy, Farallone, the brandy."

The big sailor rolled his bold eyes from the groom to the bride, but returned no answer.

The groom's voice rose to a note of vexation.

"I said I wanted the brandy," he said.

Farallone's voice was large and free like a fresh breeze.

"I heard you," said he.

"Well," snapped the groom, "get it."

"Get it yourself," said Farallone quickly, and he fell to whistling in a major key.

The groom, born and accustomed to command, was on his feet shaking with fury.

"You damned insolent loafer—" he shouted.

"Cut it out—cut it out," said the big sailor, "you'll wake her."

The groom's voice sank to an angry whisper.

"Are you going to do what I tell you or not?"

"Not," said Farallone.

"I'll"—the groom's voice loudened—his eye sought an ally in mine. But I turned my face away and pretended that I had not seen or heard. There had been born in my breast suddenly a cold unreasoning fear of Farallone, and of what he might do to us weaklings.

I heard no more words and, venturing a look, saw that the groom was seating himself once more by the bride.

"If you sit on the other side of her," said Farallone, "you'll keep the sun off her head."

He turned his bold eyes on me and winked one of them. And I was so taken by surprise that I winked back and could have kicked myself for doing so.

## II



FARALLONE helped the bride to her feet. "That's right," he said, with a kind of nursery playfulness, and he turned to the groom.

"Because I told you to help yourself," he said, "doesn't mean that I'm not going to do the lion's share of everything. I am. I'm fit. You and the writer man aren't. But you must do just a little more than you're able, and that's all we'll ask of you. Everybody works this voyage except the woman."

"I can work," said the bride.

"Rot!" said Farallone. "We'll ask you to walk ahead, like a kind of North Star. Only we'll tell you which way to turn. Do you see that sugar loaf? You head for that. Vamoose! We'll overhaul you."

The bride moved upon the desert alone, her face

toward an easterly hill that had given Farallone his figure of the sugar loaf. She had no longer the effect of a wilted flower, but walked with quick, considered steps. What the groom carried and what I carried is of little moment. Our packs united would not have made the half of the lumbesome weight that Farallone swung upon his giant shoulders.

"Follow the woman," said he, and we began to march upon the shoe-and-socking track of the bride. Farallone, rolling like a ship (I had many a look at him over my shoulder) brought up the rear. From time to time he flung forward a phrase to us in explanation of his rebellious attitude.

"I take command because I'm fit; you're not. I give the orders because I can get 'em obeyed; you can't." And, again: "You don't know east from west; I do."

All the morning he kept firing disagreeable and very personal remarks at us. His proposition that we were not in any way fit for anything he enlarged upon and illustrated. He flung the groom's unemployed ancestry at him; he likened the groom to Rome at the time of the fall, which he attributed to luxury; he informed me that only men who were unable to work or in any way help themselves wrote books. "The woman's worth the two of you," he said. "Her people were workers. See it in her stride. She could milk a cow if she had one. If anything happens to me she'll give the orders. Mark my words. She's got a head on her shoulders, she has."

The bride halted suddenly in her tracks and, turning, faced the groom.

"Are you going to allow this man's insolence to run on forever?" she said.

The groom frowned at her and shook his head covertly.

"Pooh," said the bride, and I think I heard her call him "my champion," in a bitter whisper. She walked straight back to Farallone and looked him fearlessly in the face.

"The bigger a man is, Mr. Farallone," she said, "and the stronger, the more he ought to mind his manners. We are grateful to you for all you have done, but if you can not keep a civil tongue in your head, then the sooner we part company the better."

For a full minute the fearless eyes snapped at Farallone, then, suddenly abashed, softened and turned away.

"There mustn't be any more mutiny," said Farallone. "But you've got sand, you have. I could love a woman like you. How did you come to hitch your wagon to little Nicodemus there? He's no star. You deserved a man. You've got sand, and when your poor feet go back on you, as they will in this swill (here he kicked the burning sand), I'll carry you. But if you hadn't spoken up so pert, I wouldn't. Now you walk ahead and pretend you're Christopher Columbus De Soto

Peary leading a flock of sheep to the Fountain of Eternal Youth. . . . Bear to the left of the sagebrush, there's a tarantula under it. . . ."

We went forward a few steps, when suddenly I heard Farallone's voice in my ear. "Isn't she splendid?" he said, and at the same time he thumped me so violently between the shoulders that I stumbled and fell. For a moment all fear of the man left me on the wings of rage, and I was for attacking him with my fists. But something in his steady eye brought me to my senses. "Why did you do that?" I meant to speak sharply, but I think I whined.

"Because," said Farallone, "when the woman spoke up to me you began to brindle and act lion-like and odd. For a minute you looked dangerous—for a little feller. So I patted your back, in a friendly way—as a kind of reminder—a feeble reminder."

We had dropped behind the others. The groom had caught up with the bride, and from his nervous, irritable gestures I gathered that the poor soul was trying to explain, and to ingratiate himself. But she walked on, steadily averted, you might say, her head very high, her shoulders drawn back. The groom, his eyes intent upon her averted face, kept stumbling with his feet. "Just look," said Farallone in a friendly voice. "Those whom God hath joined together. What did the priests say of it?"

"I don't remember," I said. "You lie," said Farallone. "The press called it an ideal match. My God!" he cried—and so loudly that the bride and the groom must have heard—"think of being a woman like that and getting hitched to a little bit of a fuss with a few fine feathers;" and with a kind of sing-song he began to misquote and extemporize:

*"Just for a handful of silver she left me,  
Just for a yacht and a mansion of stone,  
Just for a little fool nest of fine feathers  
She wed Nicodemus and left me alone."*

"But she'd never seen me," he went on, and mused for a moment. "Having seen me—do you guess what she's saying to herself? She's saying: 'Thank God I'm not too old to begin life over again,' or thinking it. Look at him! Even you wouldn't have been such a joke. I've a mind to kick the life out of him. One little kick with bare toes. Life? There's no life in him—nothing but a jenny wren."

The groom, who must have heard at least the half of Farallone's speech, stopped suddenly and waited for us to come up. His face was red and white—blotchy with rage and vindictiveness. When we were within ten feet of him he suddenly drew a revolver and fired it pointblank at Farallone. He had no time for a second shot. Farallone caught his wrist and shook it till the revolver spun through the air and fell at a distance. Then Farallone seated himself and, drawing the groom across his knee, spanked him. Since the beginning of the world children have been punished by spankings, and the event is memorable, if at all, as a something rather comical and domestic. But to see a grown man spanked for the crime of attempted murder is horrible. Farallone's fury got the better of him, and the blows resounded in the desert. I grappled his arm, and the recoil of it flung me head over heels. When Farallone had finished the groom could not stand. He rolled in the sands, moaning and hiding his face.

The bride was white as paper; but she had no eye for the groom.

"Did he miss you?" she said.

"No," said Farallone, "he hit me—Nicodemus hit me."

"Where?" said the bride.

"In the arm."

Indeed, the left sleeve of Farallone's shirt was glittering with blood.

"I will bandage it for you," she said, "if you will tell me how."

Farallone ripped open the sleeve of his shirt.

"What shall I bandage it with?" asked the bride.

"Anything," said Farallone.

The bride turned her back on us, stooped, and we heard a sound of tearing. When she had bandaged Farallone's wound (it was in the flesh and the bullet had been extracted by its own impetus) she looked him gravely in the face.

"What's the use of goading him?" she said gently.

"Look," said Farallone.

The groom was reaching for the fallen revolver.

"Drop it," bellowed Farallone.

The groom's hand, which had been on the point of grasping the revolver's stock, jerked away. The bride walked to the revolver and picked it up. She handed it to Farallone.

"Now," she said, "that all the power is with you, you will not go on abusing it."

"You carry it," said Farallone, "and any time you think I ought to be shot, why, you just shoot me. I won't say a word."

"Do you mean it?" said the bride.

"I cross my heart," said Farallone.

"I shan't forget," said the bride. She took the revolver and dropped it into the pocket of her jacket.

"Vamoose!" said Farallone. And we resumed our march.

### III



THE line between the desert and the blossoming hills was as distinctly drawn as that between a lake and its shore. The sage-brush, closer massed than any through which we had yet passed, seemed to have gathered itself for a serried assault upon the lovely verdure beyond. Outposts of the sage-brush, its unsung heroes, perhaps, showed here and there among ferns and wild-roses—leafless, gaunt, and dead; one knotted specimen even had planted its banner of desolation in the shade of a wild lilac and there died. A twittering of birds gladdened our dusty ears, and from afar there came a splashing of water. Our feet, burned by the desert sands, torn by yucca and cactus, trod now upon a cool and delicious moss, above which nodded the delicate blossoms of the shooting star, swung at the ends of strong and delicate stems. In the shadows the chocolate lilies and trilliums dully glinted, and flag-flowers trooped in the sunlight. The resinous paradisiacal smell of tar weed and bay tree refreshed us, and the wonder of life was a something strong and tangible like bread and wine.

The wine of it rushed in particular to Farallone's head; his brain became flooded with it; his feet cavorted upon the moss; his bellowed singing awoke the echoes, and the whole heavenly choir of the birds answered him.

He was no longer that limb of Satan, that sardonic bully of the desert days, but a gay wood-god intent upon the gentle ways of wooing. At first the bride turned away her senses from his offerings to eye and nostril; for a time she made shift to turn aside from the flowers that he cast for her feet to tread. But after a time, like one in a trance, she began to yield up her indifference and aloofness. The magic of the riotous spring began to intoxicate her. I saw her turn to the sailor and smile a gracious smile. And after a while she began to talk with him.

We came at length to a bright stream, from whose guileless superabundance Farallone, with a bent pin and a speck of red cloth, jerked a string of gaudy rainbow trout. He made a fire and began to broil them; the bride searched the vicinal woods for dried branches to feed the fire. The groom knelt by the brook and washed the dust from his face and ears, snuffing the cool water into his dusty nose and blowing it out.

And I lay in the shade and wondered by what courses the brook found its way to what sea or lake; whether it touched in its wanderings only the virginal wilderness, or flowed at length among the habitations of men.

Farallone, of a sudden, jerked up his head from the broiling and answered my unspoken questions.

"A man," he said, "who followed this brook could come in a few days to the river Maria Cleofas, and following that to the town of that name, in a matter of ten days more. I tell you," he went on, "because some day some of you may be going that voyage; no ill-found voyage either—spring water and trout all the way to the river; and all the rest of the way river water and trout; and at this season birds' eggs in the reeds and a turtle-like terrapin, and brodia roots and wild onion, and young sassafras—a child could do it. Eat that . . ." he tossed me with his fingers a split, sputtering, piping hot trout. . . .

We spent the rest of that day and the night following by the stream. Farallone was in a riotous good-humor, and the fear of him grew less in us until we felt at ease, and could take an unmixed pleasure in the loafing.

*His great bulk  
under its  
mighty pack tripped  
lightly*

Early the next morning he was astir, and began to prepare himself for further marching, but for the rest of us he said there would be one day more of rest.

"Who knows," he said, "but this is Sunday? . . ."

"Where are you going?" asked the bride politely.

"Me?" said Farallone, and he laughed. "I'm going house-hunting—not for a house, of course, but for a site. It's not so easy to pick out just the place where you want to spend the balance of your days. The neighborhood's easy, but the exact spot's hard. He spoke now directly to the bride, and as if her opinion was law to him. "There must be sun and shade, mustn't there? Spring water?—running water? A hill handy to take the view from? An easterly slope to be out of the trades? A big tree or two. . . . I'll find 'em all before dark. I'll be back by dark or at late moonrise, and you rest yourselves, because tomorrow or the next day we go at house-raising."

Had he left us then and there, I think that we would have waited for him. He had us, so to speak, abjectly under his thumbs. His word had come to be our law, since it was but child's play for him to enforce it. But it so happened that he now took a step which was to call into life and action that last vestige of manhood and independence that flickered in the groom and me. For suddenly, and not till after a moment of consideration, he took a step toward the bride, caught her around the waist, crushed her to his breast, and kissed her on the mouth.

But she must have bitten him, for the tender passion changed in him to an unmanly fury.

"You damned cat!" he cried; and he struck her heavily upon the face with his open palm. Not once only, but twice, three, four times, till she fell at his feet.

By that the groom and I, poor, helpless atoms, had made shift to grapple with him. I heard his giant laugh. I had one glimpse of the groom's face rushing at mine—and then it was as if showers of stars fell about me. What little strength I had was loosened from my joints, and more than half-senseless I fell full length



ARTHUR COVEY

upon my back. Farallone had foiled our attack by the simple method of catching us by the hair, and knocking our heads together.

I could hear his great mocking laugh resounding through the forest.

"Let him go," I heard the groom moan.

The bride laughed. It was a very curious laugh. I could not make it out. There seemed to be no anger in it, and yet how, I wondered, could there be anything else?

## IV

WHEN distance had blotted from our ears the sound of Farallone's laughter, and

when we had humbled ourselves to the bride for allowing her to be maltreated, I told the groom what Farallone had said about a man who should follow the stream by which we were encamped.

"See," I said, "we have a whole day's start of him. Even he can't make that up. We must go at once, and there mustn't be any letting up till we get somewhere."

The groom was all for running away, and the bride, silent and white, acquiesced with a nod. We made three light packs, and started—botted is the better word.

For a mile or more, so thick was the underwood, we walked in the bed of the stream; now freely where it was smooth-spread sand, and now where it narrowed and deepened among rocks, scrambling and with many a splashing stumble. The bride met her various mishaps with a kind of silent disdain; she made no complaints, not even comments. She made me think of a sleep-walker. There was a set, far-off, cold expression upon her usually gentle and vivacious face, and once or twice it occurred to me that she went with us unwillingly. But when I remembered the humiliation that Farallone had put upon her and the blows that he had struck her, I could not well credit the recurrent doubt of her willingness. The groom, on the other hand, recovered his long-lost spirits with immeasurable rapidity. He talked gaily and bravely, and you would have said that he was a man who had never had occasion to be ashamed of himself. He went ahead, the bride following next, and he kept giving a constant string of advices and imperatives. "That stone's loose"; "keep to the left, there's a hole." "Splash—dash—damn, look out for that one." Branches that hung low across our course he bent and held back until the bride had passed. Now he turned and smiled in her face, and now he offered her the helping hand. But she met his courtesies, and the whole punctilious fabric of his behavior, with the utmost absence and nonchalance. He had, it seemed, been too long in contempt to recover soon his former position of husband and beloved. For long days she had contemplated his naked soul, limited, weak, incapable. He had shown a certain capacity for sudden, explosive temper, but not for courage of any kind, or force. Nor had he played the gentleman in his helplessness. Nor had I. We had not in us the stuff of heroes; at first sight of instruments of torture we were of those who would confess to anything, abjure, swear falsely, beg for mercy, change our so-called religions—anything. The bride had learned to despise us from the bottom of her heart. She despised us still. And I would have staked my last dollar, or, better, my hopes of escaping from Farallone, that as man and wife she and the groom would never live to-

gether again. I felt terribly sorry for the groom. He had, as had I, been utterly inefficient, helpless, babyish, and cowardly—yet the odds against us had seemed overwhelming. But now as we journeyed down the river, and the distance between us and Farallone grew more, I kept thinking of men whom I had known; men physically weaker than the groom and I, who, had Farallone offered to bully them, would have fought him and endured his torture till they died. In my immediate past, then, there was nothing of which I was not burning-ly ashamed, and in the not too distant future I hoped to separate from the bride and the groom, and never see them or hear of them in this world again. At that, I had a real affection for the bride, a real admiration.

hours when we must have covered our four miles, and even on long, upward slopes we must have made better than three. There is in swift walking, when the muscles are hard, the wind long, and the atmosphere exhilarating, a buoyant rhythm that more, perhaps, than merited success, or valorous conduct, smooths out the creases in a man's soul. And so quick is a man to recover from his own baseness, and to ape outwardly his transient inner feelings, that I found myself presently walking with a high head, and a mind full of martial thoughts.

All that day, except for a short halt at noon, we followed the river across the great natural park; now paralleling its convolutions, and now cutting diagonals.

Late in the afternoon we came to the end of the park land. A more or less precipitous formation of glistening quartz marked its boundary, and into a fissure of this the stream, now a small river, plunged with accelerated speed. The going became difficult. The walls of the fissure through which the river rushed were smooth and water-worn, impossible to ascend; and between the brink of the river and the base of the walls were congestions of boulders, jammed drift-wood, and tangled alder bushes. There were times when we had to crawl upon our hands and knees, under one log and over the next. To add to our difficulties darkness was swiftly falling, and we were glad, indeed, when the wall of the fissure leaned at length so far from the perpendicular that we were able to scramble up it. We found ourselves upon a levelish little meadow of grass. In the center of it there grew a monstrous and gigantic live-oak, between two of whose roots there glittered a spring. On all sides of the meadow, except on that toward the river, were superimposing cliffs of quartz. Along the base of these was a dense growth of bushes. "We'll rest here," said the groom. "What a place. It's a natural fortress. Only one way into it." He stood looking down at the noisy river and considering the steep slope we had just climbed. "See this boulder?" he said. "It's wobbly. If that damned longshoreman tries to get us here, all we've got to do is to choose the psychological moment and push it over on him."

The groom looked quite bellicose and daring. Suddenly he flung his fragment of a cap high into the air and at the very top of his lungs cried: "Liberty!"

The echoes answered him, and the glorious, abused word was tossed from cliff to cliff, across the river and back, and presently died away.

At that, from the very branches of the great oak that stood in the center of the meadow there burst a titanic clap of laughter, and Farallone, literally

bursting with merriment, dropped lightly in our midst.

I can only speak for myself. I was frightened—I say it deliberately and truthfully—almost into a fit. And for fully five minutes I could not command either of my legs. The groom, I believe, screamed. The bride became whiter than paper—then suddenly the color rushed into her cheeks, and she laughed. She laughed until she had to sit down, until the tears literally gushed from her eyes. It was not hysterics either—could it have been amusement? After a while, and many prolonged gasps and relapses, she stopped.

"This," said Farallone, "is my building site. 'Do you like it?'"

"Oh, oh," said the bride, "I think it's the most am-m-musing site I ever saw," and she went into another uncontrollable burst of laughter.

(Continued on page 24)



*His eyes blazed  
with a  
tremendous love and  
admiration*

On the yacht, before trouble showed me up, we had bid fair to become fast and enduring friends. But that was all over—a bud, nipped by the frost of conduct and circumstance or ever the fruit could so much as set. For many days now I had avoided her eye; I had avoided addressing her; I had exerted my ingenuity to keep out of her sight. It is a terrible thing for a man to be thrown daily into the society of a woman who has found him out, and who despises him, mind, soul, marrow, and bone.

The stream broke at length from the forest and, swelled by a sizable tributary, flowed broad and deep into a rolling, park-like landscape. Grass spread over the country's undulations and looked in the distance like well-kept lawns; and at wide intervals splendidly grown live-oaks lent an effect of calculated planting. Here our flight, for our muscles were hardened to walking, became easy and swift. I think there were



*Yokohama waits*



*Owning the town*



*Serenading by day*



*Typical schoolboys*



*Admiral Sperry and Captain Nakiyima at the party*



*On the way to the garden party*



*A review of the Yokohama fire brigade*



*Theater Street Bridge*

# THE BATTLESHIP FLEET

*Admiral Sperry and the Battleship Fleet of the United States Were Lavishly Entertained*



*Mr. Hihiya's garden party*



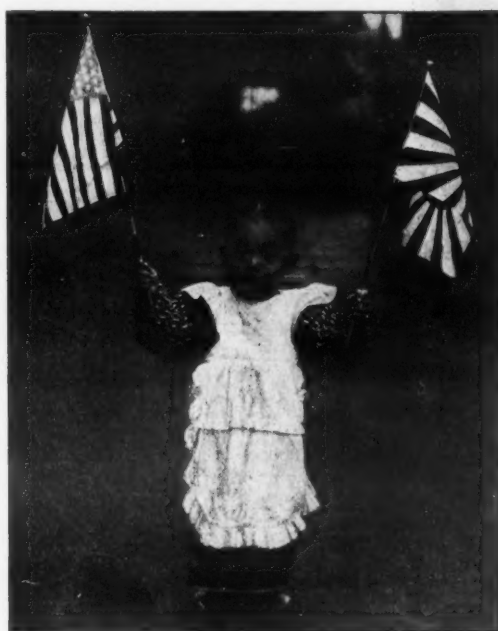
*Admiral Sperry witnessing a geisha performance at the Yokohama garden party*

# IP FLEET IN JAPAN

*are Lavishly Entertained by the Japanese During the Week Ending October 24*



*way to the garden party*



*Under two flags*



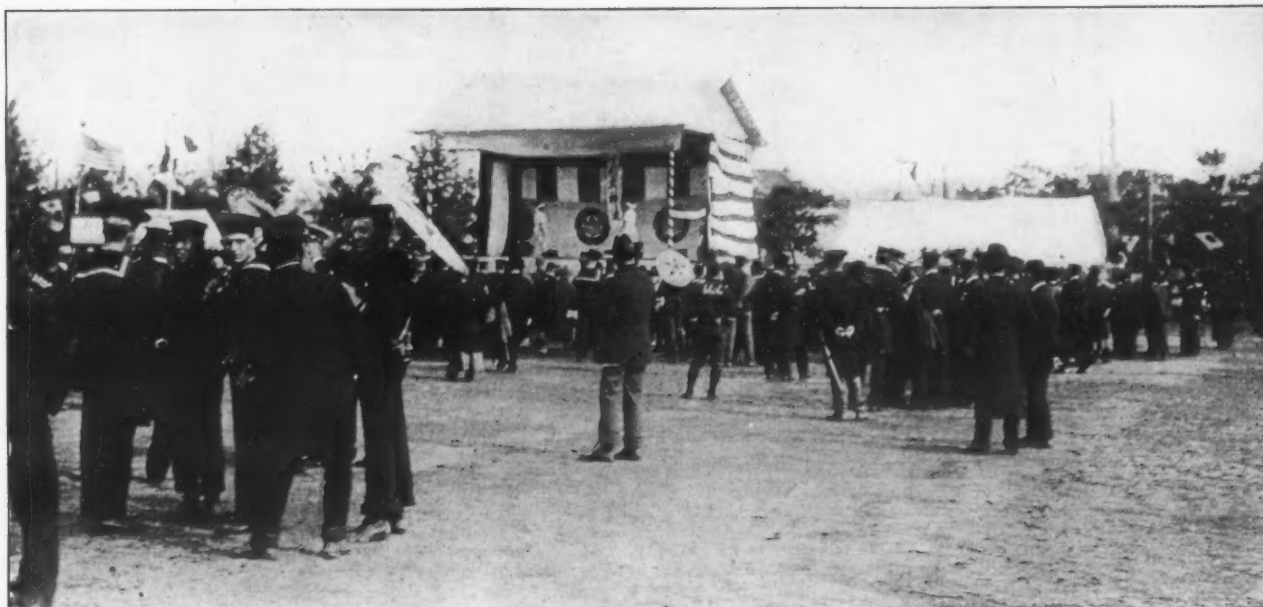
*The fleet's first day in Yokohama—Going to the mayor's garden party*



*A street scene*



*heater Street Bridge*



*One more of the innumerable garden parties*

# THE ADVENTURES OF

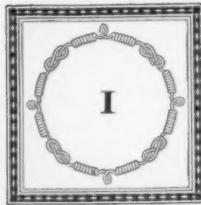


## MELISSA

A Honey Bee Who Lived to See the New Day Dawning on the Ancestral Hive and to Hear the Voice From Behind the Veil

By RUDYARD KIPLING

"And since Bees share with man one common fate  
In Health, in Sickness, and in turns of state,  
Observe their symptoms when they fall away  
And languish in insensible decay."—DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.



IF THE stock had not been old and overcrowded, the Wax-moth would never have entered; but where bees are too thick on the comb there must be sickness or parasites. The heat of the hive had risen with the June honey-flow, and though the fanners worked, until their wings ached, to keep people cool, everybody suffered.

A young bee crawled up the greasy trampled alighting-board. "Excuse me," she began, "but it's my first honey-flight. Could you kindly tell me if this is my—"

"Own hive?" the Guard snapped. "Yes! Buzz in, and be foul-brooded to you! Next!"

"Shame!" cried half a dozen old workers with worn wings and nerves, and there was a scuffle and a hum.

The little gray Wax-moth, pressed close in a crack in the alighting-board, had waited this chance all day. She scuttled in like a ghost, and, knowing the senior bees would turn her out at once, dodged into a brood-frame, where youngsters, who had not yet seen the winds blow or the flowers nod, discussed life. Here she was safe, for young bees will tolerate any sort of stranger. Behind her came the bee who had been slanged by the Guard.

"What is the world like, Melissa?" said a companion. "Cruel! I made a full load of first-class stuff, and the Guard told me to go and be foul-brooded!" She sat down in the cool draft across the combs.

"If you'd only heard," said the Wax-moth silkily, "the insolence of the Guard's tone when she cursed our sister! It aroused the Entire Community." She laid an egg. She had stolen in for that purpose.

"There was a bit of a fuss on the Gate," Melissa chuckled. "You were there, Miss —?" She did not know how to address the slim stranger.

"Don't call me 'Miss.' I'm a sister to all in affliction—just a working sister. My heart bled for you! Death your load." The Wax-moth caressed Melissa with her soft feelers and laid another egg.

"You mustn't lay here," cried Melissa. "You aren't a Queen."

"My dear child, I give you my most solemn word those aren't eggs. Those are my principles, and I am ready to die for them." She raised her voice a little above the rustle and tramp round her. "If you'd like to kill me, pray do."

"Don't be unkind, Melissa," said a young bee, impressed by the chaste folds of the Wax-moth's wing, which hid her ceaseless egg-dropping.

"I haven't done anything," Melissa answered. "She's doing it all."

"Ah, don't let your conscience reproach you later, but when you've killed me, write me, at least, as one that loved her fellow workers."

Laying at every sob, the Wax-moth backed into a crowd of young bees, and left Melissa bewildered and annoyed. So she lifted up her little voice in the darkness and cried: "Stores!" till a gang of cell-fillers hailed her, and she left her load with them.

"I'm afraid I foul-brooded you just now," said a voice over her shoulder. "I'd been on the Gate for three hours, and one would foul-brood the Queen herself after that. No offense meant."

"None taken," Melissa answered cheerily. "I shall be on guard myself, some day. What's next to do?"

"There's a rumor of Death's Head Moths about. Send a gang of youngsters to the Gate, and tell them to narrow it in with a couple of stout scrap-wax pillars. It'll make the Hive hot, but we can't have Death Headers in the middle of the honey-flow."

"My Only Wings! I should think not!" Melissa had

all a sound bee's hereditary hatred against the big, squeaking, feathery Thief of the Hives. "Tumble out!" she called across the youngsters' quarters. "All you who aren't feeding babies, show a leg. Scrap-wax pillars for the Ga-at!" She chanted the order at length.

"That's nonsense," a downy, day-old bee answered. "In the first place, I never heard of a Death's Header coming into a hive. People don't do such things. In the second, building pillars to keep 'em out is purely a Cypriote trick, unworthy of British bees. In the third, if you trust a Death's Head, he will trust you. Pillar-building shows lack of confidence. Our dear sister in gray says so."

"Yes. Pillars are un-English and provocative, and a waste of wax that is needed for higher and more practical things," said the Wax-moth from an empty store-cell.

"The safety of the Hive is the highest thing I've ever heard of. You mustn't teach us to refuse work," Melissa began.

"You misunderstand me as usual, love. Work's the essence of life; but to expend precious unreturning vitality and real labor against imaginary danger, that is heart-breakingly absurd! If I can only teach a—little toleration—a little ordinary kindness here toward that absurd old bogey you call the Death's Header, I shan't have lived in vain."

"She hasn't lived in vain, the darling!" cried twenty bees together. "You should see her saintly life, Melissa! She just devotes herself to spreading her principles, and—and—she looks lovely!"

An old, baldish bee came up the comb.

"Pillar-workers for the Gate! Get out and chew scraps. Buzz off!" she said. The Wax-moth slipped aside.

The young bees trooped down the frame—whispering.

"What's the matter with 'em?" said the oldster. "Why do they call each other 'ducky' and 'darling'? Must be the weather." She sniffed suspiciously. "Horrid, stuffy smell here. Like stale quilts. Not Wax-moth, I hope, Melissa?"

"Not to my knowledge," said Melissa, who, of course, only knew the Wax-moth as a lady with principles, and had never thought to report her presence. She had always imagined Wax-moths to be like blood-red dragon-flies.

"You had better fan out this corner for a little," said the old bee and passed on. Melissa dropped her head at once, took firm hold with her forefeet, and fanned obediently at the regulation stroke—three hundred beats to the second. Fanning tries a bee's temper, because she must always keep in the same place, where she never seems to be doing any good, and, all the while, she is wearing out her only wings. When a bee can not fly, a bee must not live; and she knows it. The Wax-moth crept forth, and caressed Melissa again.

"I see," she murmured, "that at heart you are one of Us."

"I work with the Hive," Melissa answered briefly. "It's the same thing. We and the Hive are one."

"Then why are your feelers different from ours? Don't cuddle so."

"Don't be provincial, carissima. You can't have all the world alike—yet."

"But why do you lay eggs?" Melissa insisted. "You lay 'em like a Queen—only you drop them in patches all over the place. I've watched you."

"Ah, Brighteyes, so you've pierced my little subterfuge? Yes, they are eggs. By and by they'll spread our principles. Aren't you glad?"

"You gave me your most solemn word of honor that they were not eggs."

"That was my little subterfuge, dearest—for the sake of the Cause. Now I must reach the young." The Wax-moth tripped toward the fourth brood-frame where the young bees were busy feeding the babies.

It takes some time for a sound bee to realize a malignant and continuous lie. "She's very sweet and feathery," was all that Melissa thought, "but her talk sounds like ivy honey tastes. I'd better get to my field-work again."

She found the Gate in a sulky uproar. The youngsters told off to the pillars had refused to chew scrap-wax because it made their jaws ache, and were clamoring for virgin stuff.

"Anything to finish the job!" said the badgered Guards. "Hang up, some of you, and make wax for these slack-jawed sisters."

Before a bee can make wax she must fill herself with honey. Then she climbs to safe foothold and hangs, while other gorged bees hang on to her in a cluster. There they wait in silence till the wax comes. The scales are either taken out of the maker's pockets by the workers, or tinkle down on the workers while they wait. The workers chew them (they are useless unchewed) into the all-supporting, all-embracing Wax of the Hive.

But now, no sooner was the wax cluster in position than the workers below broke out again.

"Come down!" they cried. "Come down and work! Come on, you Levantine parasites! Don't think to enjoy yourselves up there while we're sweating down here!"

The cluster shivered, as from hooked fore-foot to hooked hind-foot it telegraphed uneasiness. At last a worker sprang up, grabbed the lowest wax-maker, and swung, kicking above her companions.

"I can make wax too!" she bawled. "Give me a full gorge and I'll make tons of it."

"Make it, then," said the bee she had grappled. The spoken word snapped the current through the cluster. It shook and glistened like a cat's fur in the dark. "Unhook!" it murmured. "No wax for any one to-day."

"You lazy thieves! Hang up at once and produce our wax," said the bees below.

"Impossible! The sweat's gone. To make your wax we must have stillness, warmth, and food. Unhook! Unhook!"

They broke up as they murmured, and disappeared among the other bees, from whom, of course, they were undistinguishable.

"Seems as if we'd have to chew scrap-wax for these pillars, after all," said a worker.

"Not by a combful," cried the young bee who had broken the cluster. "Listen here! I've studied the question more than twenty minutes. It's as simple as falling off a daisy. You've heard of Cheshire, Root, and Langstroth?"

They had not, but they shouted, "Good old Langstroth!" just the same.

"Those three know all that there is to be known about making hives. One or t'other of 'em must have made ours, and if they've made it they're bound to look after it. Ours is a 'Guaranteed Patent Hive.' You can see it on the label behind."

"Good old guarantee! Hurrah for the label behind!" roared the bees.

"Well, such being the case, I say that when we find they've wilfully betrayed us we can exact from them a terrible vengeance."

"Good old vengeance! Good old Root! 'Nuff said! Chuck it!" The crowd cheered and broke away as Melissa diverged through.

"D'you know where Langstroth, Root, and Cheshire live if you happen to want 'em?" she asked of the proud and panting orator.

"Gum me if I know they ever lived at all! But aren't they beautiful names to buzz about? Did you see how it worked up the sisterhood?"

"Yes, but it didn't defend the Gate," she replied.

"Ah, perhaps that's true, but think how delicate my position is, sister. I've a magnificent appetite, and I don't like working. My instinct tells me that I can act as a restraining influence on others. They would have been worse, but for me."

But Melissa had already risen clear, and was heading for a breadth of virgin-white clover, which to an overtired bee is as soothing as plain knitting to a woman.

"I think I'll take this load to the nurseries," she said when she had finished. "It was always quiet there in my day," and she topped off with two little pats of pollen for the babies.

She was met on the fourth brood-comb by a rush of excited sisters all buzzing together.

"One at a time! Let me put down my load. Now, what is it, Sacharissa?" she said.

"Gray sister—that fluffy one, I mean—she came and said we ought to be out in the sunshine gathering honey, because life was short. She said any old bee could attend to our babies, and some day old bees would. That isn't true, Melissa, is it? No old bees can take us away from our babies, can they?"

"Of course not. You feed the babies while your heads are soft. When your heads harden, you go on to field-work. Any one knows that."

"We told her so! We told her so; but she only waved her feelers, and said we could all lay eggs like Queens if we chose. And I'm afraid lots of the weaker sisters believe her, and are trying to do it. So unsettling!"

Sacharissa sped to a sealed worker-cell whose lid pulsed, as the bee within began to cut its way out.

"Come along, precious!" she murmured, and thinned the frail top from the other side. A pale, damp, creased thing hoisted itself feebly on to the comb. Sacharissa's note changed at once. "No time to waste! Go up the frame and preen yourself!" she said. "Report for nursing-duty in my ward to-morrow evening at six. Stop a minute. What's the matter with your third right leg?"

The young bee held it out in silence—unmistakably a drone leg incapable of packing pollen.

"Thank you. You needn't report till the day after to-morrow," Sacharissa turned to her companion. "That's the fifth oddity hatched in my ward since noon. I don't like it."

"There's always a certain number of 'em," said Melissa. "You can't stop a few working sisters from laying now and then when they overfeed themselves. They only raise dwarf drones."

"We're hatching out drones with workers' stomachs; workers with drones' stomachs; and albinos and mixed-leggers who can't pack pollen—like that poor little beast yonder. I don't mind dwarf drones any more than you do (they all die in July), but this steady hatch of oddities frightens me, Melissa!"

"How narrow of you! They are all so delightfully clever and unusual and interesting," piped the Wax-moth from a crack above them. "Come here, you dear, downy duck, and tell us all about your feelings."

"I wish she'd go!" Sacharissa lowered her voice. "She meets these—er—oddities as they dry out, and cuddles 'em in corners."

"I suppose the truth is that we're overstocked and too well fed to swarm," said Melissa.

"That is the truth," said the Queen's voice behind them. They had not heard the heavy royal footfall which sets empty cells vibrating. Sacharissa offered her food at once. She ate and dragged her weary body forward. "Can you suggest a remedy?" she said.

"New principles!" cried the Wax-moth from her crevice. "We'll apply them quietly—later."

"Suppose we sent out a swarm?" Melissa suggested. "It's a little late, but it might ease us off."

"It would save us, but—I know the Hive! You shall see for yourself." The old Queen cried the Swarming Cry, which to a bee of good blood should be what the trumpet was to Job's war-horse. In spite of her immense age (three years), it rang between the cañon-like frames as a pibroch rings in a mountain pass; the fan-ners changed their note, and repeated it up in every gallery; and the broad-winged drones, burly and eager, ended it in one nerve-thrilling outbreak of bugles: "La Reine le veut! Swarm! Swarm! Swarm!"

But the roar which should follow the Call was wanting. They heard a broken grumble like the murmur of a falling tide.

"Swarm? What for? Catch me leaving a good bar-frame Hive, with fixed foundations, for a rotten old oak out in the open where it may rain any minute! We're all right! It's a 'Patent Guaranteed Hive.' Why do they want to turn us out? Swarming be gummied! Swarming was invented to cheat a worker out of her proper comforts. Come on off to bed!"

The noise died out as the bees settled in empty cells for the night.

"You hear?" said the Queen. "I know the Hive!"

"Quite between ourselves, I taught them that," cried the Wax-moth. "Wait till my principles develop, and you'll see the light from a new quarter."

"You speak truth for once," the Queen said suddenly, for she recognized the Wax-moth. "That Light will break into the top of the Hive. A Hot Smoke will follow it, and your children will not be able to hide in any crevice."

"Is it possible?" Melissa whispered. "I—we have sometimes heard a legend like it."

"It is no legend," the old Queen answered. "I had it from my mother, and she had it from hers. After the Wax-moth has grown strong a Shadow will fall

across the Gate; a Voice will speak from behind the Veil; there will be light, and Hot Smoke, and earthquakes, and those who live will see everything that they have done, all together in one place, burned up in one great Fire." The old Queen was trying to tell what she had been told of the Bee Master's dealings with an infected hive in the apiary, two or three seasons ago, and, of course, from her point of view the affair was as important as the Day of Judgment.

"And then?" asked horrified Sacharissa.

"Then, I have heard that a little light will burn in a great darkness, and perhaps the world will begin again. Myself, I think not."

"Tut! Tut!" the Wax-moth cried. "You good, fat people always prophesy ruin if things don't go exactly your way. But I grant you there will be changes."

There were. When her eggs hatched, the wax was riddled with little tunnels, coated with the dirty clothes of the caterpillars. Flannely lines ran through the honey-stores, the pollen-larders, the foundations, and, worst of all, through the babies in their cradles, till the Sweeper Guards spent half their time tossing out useless little corpses. The lines ended in a maze of sticky webbing on the face of the comb. The caterpillars could not stop spinning as they walked, and as they walked everywhere, they smarmed and garmed everything. Even where it did not hamper the bees' feet, the stale, sour smell of the stuff put them off their work; though some of the bees who had taken to egg-laying said it encouraged them to be mothers and maintain a vital interest in life.

When the caterpillars became moths, they made friends with the ever-increasing Oddities—albinos, mixed-leggers, single-eyed composites, faceless-drones, half-queens, and laying-sisters; and the ever-dwindling band of the old stock worked themselves bald and fray-winged to feed their queer charges. Most of the Oddities would not, and many, on account of their malformations, could not, go through a day's field work, but the Wax-moths who were always busy on the brood-comb found pleasant home occupations for them. One albino, for instance, divided the number of pounds of honey in stock by the number of bees in the Hive, and proved that if every bee only gathered honey for seven and three-quarter minutes a day, she would have the rest of the time to herself, and could accompany the drones on their mating flights. The drones were not at all pleased.



These things  
are written  
in the  
Book of Queens,  
which  
is laid up in  
the hollow  
of the  
Great  
Ash  
Ygdrasil

Another, an eyeless drone with no feelers, said that all brood-cells should be perfect circles, so as not to interfere with the grub or the workers. He proved that the old six-sided cell was solely due to the workers building against each other on opposite sides of the wall, and that if there were no interference there would be no angles. Some bees tried the new plan for a while, and found it cost eight times more wax than the old six-sided specification, and, as they never allowed a cluster to hang up and make wax in peace, real wax was scarce. However, they eked out their task with varnish stolen from new coffins at funerals in the village, and it made them rather sick. Then they took to cadging round sugar-factories and breweries, because it was easiest to get their material from those places, and the mixture of glucose and beer naturally fermented in store and blew the store-cells out of shape, besides smelling abominably. Some of the sound bees warned them that ill-gotten gains never prosper, but the Oddities at once surrounded them and balled them to death. That was a punishment they were almost as fond of as they were of eating, and they expected the sound bees to feed them. Curiously enough, the age-old instinct of loyalty and devotion toward the Hive made the sound bees do this, though their reason told them they ought to slip away and unite with some other healthy stock in the apiary.

"What about seven and three-quarter minutes' work now?" said Melissa one day as she came in. "I've been at it for five hours, and I've only half a load."

"Oh, the Hive subsists on the Hival Honey which the Hive produces," said a blind Oddity squatting in a store-cell.

"But honey is gathered from flowers outside—two miles away sometimes," cried Melissa.

"Pardon me," said the blind thing, sucking hard. "But this is the Hive, is it not?"

"It was. Worse luck, it is."

"And the Hival Honey is here, is it not?" It opened a fresh store-cell to prove it.

"Ye—es, but it won't be long, at this rate," said Melissa.

"The rates have nothing to do with it. This Hive produces the Hival Honey. You people never seem to grasp the essential simplicity that underlies all life."

"Oh, me!" said poor Melissa, "haven't you ever been beyond the Gate?"

"Certainly not. A fool's eyes are in the ends of the earth. Mine are in my head." It gorged till it bloated.

Melissa took refuge in her poorly paid field-work and told Sacharissa the story.

"Hut!" said that wise bee, fretting with an old maid of a thistle. "Tell us something new. The Hive's full of such as him—it, I mean."

"What's the end to be? All the honey going out and none coming in. Things can't last this way!" said Melissa.

"Who cares?" said Sacharissa. "I know now how drones feel the day before they're killed. A short life and a merry one for me!"

"If it only were merry! But think of those awful, solemn, lop-sided Oddities waiting for us at home—crawling and clambering and preaching—and dirtying things in the dark."

"I don't mind that so much as their silly songs, after we've fed 'em, all about 'work among the merry, merry blossoms,'" said Sacharissa from the depths of a stale Canterbury bell.

"I do. How's our Queen?" said Melissa.

"Cheerfully hopeless, as usual. But she lays an egg now and then."

"Does she so?" Melissa backed out of the next bell with a jerk. "Suppose now we sound workers tried to raise a Princess in some clean corner?"

"You'd be put to it to find one. The Hive's all wax-moth and muckings. But—well?"

"A Princess might help us in the time of the Voice behind the Veil that the Queen talks of. And anything is better than working for Oddities that chirrup about work that they can't do, and waste what we bring home."

"Who cares?" said Sacharissa. "I'm with you, for the fun of it. The Oddities would ball us to death, if they knew. Come home, and we'll begin."

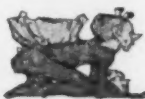


HERE is no room to tell how the experienced Melissa found a far-off frame so messed and mishandled by abandoned cell-building experiments that, for very shame, the bees never went there. How, in that ruin, she blocked out a Royal Cell of sound wax, but disguised by rubbish till it looked like a kopje among deserted kopjes. How she prevailed upon the hopeless Queen to make one last effort and lay a worthy egg. How the Queen obeyed and died. How her spent carcass was flung out on the rubbish heap, and how a multitude of laying sisters went about dropping drone-eggs where they listed, and said there was no more need of Queens. How, covered by this confusion, Sacharissa educated certain young bees to educate certain new-born bees in the almost lost art of making Royal Jelly. How the nectar for it was won out of hours in the teeth of chill winds. How the hidden egg hatched true—no drone, but Blood Royal. How it was capped, and how desperately they worked to feed and double feed the now swarming Oddities, lest any break in the food-supplies should set them to instituting inquiries, which, with songs about work, was their favorite amusement. How in an auspicious hour, on a moonless night, the Princess came forth—a Princess indeed, and how Melissa smuggled her into a deep empty honey-magazine, to bide her time; and how the drones, knowing she was there, went about singing the deep disreputable

love-songs of the old days—to the scandal of the laying-sisters, who did not think well of drones. These things are written in the Book of Queens, which is laid up in the hollow of the Great Ash Ygdrasil.

After a few days the weather changed again and became glorious. Even the Oddities would now join the crowd that hung out on the alighting-board, and would sing of work among the merry, merry blossoms till an untrained ear might have received it for the hum of a working hive. Yet, in truth, their store-honey had been eaten long ago. They lived from day to day on the efforts of the few sound bees, while the Wax-moths fretted and consumed again their already ruined wax. But the sound bees never mentioned these facts. They knew, if they did, the Oddities would hold a meeting and ball them to death.

"Now you see what we have done," said the Wax-moths. "We have created New Material, a New Convention, a New Type, as we said we would."



The Day of the Light  
and the Smoke and  
the Voice Behind the Veil



"And new possibilities for us," said the laying-sisters gratefully. "You have given us a new life's work, vital and paramount."

"More than that," chanted the Oddities in the sunshine; "you have created a new heaven and a new earth, Heaven, cloudless and accessible" (it was a perfect August evening), "and Earth teeming with the merry, merry blossoms, waiting only our honest toil to turn them all to good. The—er—Aster, and the Crocus, and the—er—Lady's Smock in her season, the Chrysanthemum after her kind, and the Guelder Rose bringing forth abundantly withal."

"Oh, Holy Hymettus!" said Melissa, awestruck. "I knew they didn't know how honey was made, but they've forgotten the Order of the Flowers! What will become of them?"

A Shadow fell across the alighting-board as the Bee Master and his son came by. The Oddities crawled in and a Voice behind a Veil said: "I've neglected the old Hive too long. Give me the smoker."

Melissa heard and darted through the gate. "Come, oh come!" she cried. "It is the destruction the old Queen foretold. Princess, come!"

"Really, you are too archaic for words," said an Oddity in an alleyway. "A cloud, I admit, may have crossed the sun; but why hysterics? Above all, why Princesses so late in the day? Are you aware it's the Hival Teatime? Let's sing grace."

Melissa clawed past him with all six legs. Sacharissa had run to what was left of the fertile brood-comb. "Down and out!" she called across the brown breadth of it. "Nurses, guards, fanners, sweepers—out! Never

mind the babies. They're better dead. Out, before the Light and the Hot Smoke!"

The Princess's first clear fearless call (Melissa had found her) rose and drummed through all the frames. "Le Reine le veut! Swarm! Swarm! Swarm-r-r-r!"

The Hive shook beneath the shattering thunder of a stuck-down quilt being torn back.

"Don't be alarmed, dears," said the Wax-moths. "That's our work. Look up, and you'll see the dawn of the New Day."

Light broke in the top of the hive as the Queen had prophesied—naked light on the boiling, bewildered bees.

Sacharissa rounded up her rearguard, which dropped headlong off the frame, and joined the Princess's detachment thrusting toward the Gate. Now panic was in full blast, and each sound bee found herself embraced by at least three Oddities. The first instinct of a frightened bee is to break into the stores and gorge herself with honey; but there were no stores left, so the Oddities fought the sound bees.

"You must feed us, or we shall die!" they cried, holding and clutching and slipping, while the silent scared earwigs and little spiders twisted between their legs. "Think of the Hive traitors! The Holy Hive!"

"You should have thought of that before!" cried the sound bees. "Stay and see the dawn of your New Day."

They reached the Gate at last over the soft bodies of many to whom they had ministered.

"On! Out! Up!" roared Melissa in the Princess's ear. "For the Hive's sake! To the Old Oak!"

The Princess left the alighting-board, circled once, flung herself at the lowest branch of the Old Oak, and her little loyal swarm—you could have covered it with a pint mug—followed, hooked, and hung.

"Hold close!" Melissa gasped. "The old legends have come true! Look!"

The Hive was half hidden by smoke, and Figures moved through the smoke. They heard a frame crack stickily, saw it heaved high and twirled round between enormous hands—a blotched, bulged, and perished horror of gray wax, corrupt brood, and small drone-cells, all covered with crawling Oddities, strange to the sun.

"Why, this isn't a hive! This is a museum of curiosities," said the Voice behind the Veil. It was only the Bee Master talking to his son.

"Can you blame 'em, father?" said a second voice. "It's rotten with Wax-moth. See here!"

Another frame came up. A finger poked through it, and it broke away in rustling flakes of ashy rottenness.

"Number Four Frame! That was your mother's pet comb once," whispered Melissa to the Princess. "Many's the good egg I've watched her lay there."

"Aren't you confusing *post hoc* with *propter hoc*?" said the Bee Master. "Wax-moths only succeed when weak bees let them in." A third frame crackled and rose into the light. "All this is full of laying workers' brood. That never happens till the stock's weakened. Phew!"

He beat it on his knee like a tambourine, and it also crumbled to pieces.

The little swarm shivered as they watched the dwarf drone-grubs squirm feebly on the grass. Many sound bees had nursed on that frame, well knowing their work was useless; but the actual sight of even useless work destroyed disheartens a good worker.

"No, they have some recuperative power left," said the second voice. "Here's a Queen cell!"

"But it's tucked away among— What on earth has come to the little wretches? They seem to have lost the instinct of cell-building." The father held up the frame where the bees had experimented in circular cell-work. It looked like the pitted head of a decaying toadstool.

"Not altogether," the son corrected. "There's one line, at least, of perfectly good cells."

"My work," said Sacharissa to herself. "I'm glad Man does me justice before—"

That frame, too, was smashed out and thrown atop of the others and the foul earwiggy quilts.

As frame after frame followed it, the swarm beheld the upheaval, exposure, and destruction of all that had been well or ill done in every cranny of their Hive for generations past. There was black comb so old that they had forgotten where it hung; orange, buff, and ochre-varnished store-comb, built as bees were used to build before the days of artificial foundations; and there was a little white, frail new work. There were sheets on sheets of level, even brood-comb that had held in its time unnumbered thousands of unnamed workers; patches of obsolete drone-comb, square and high-shouldered, showing to what marks a male grub was expected to grow; and two-inch-deep honey-magazines, empty, but still magnificent: the whole gummed and glued into twisted scrap-work, awry on the wires, half-cells, beginnings abandoned, or grandiose, weak-walled, composite cells pieced out with rubbish and capped with dirt.

Good or bad, every inch of it was so riddled by the tunnels of the Wax-moth that it broke in clouds of dust as it was flung on the heap.

"Oh, see!" cried Sacharissa. "The Great Burning that our Queen foretold. Who can bear to look?"

A flame crawled up the pile of rubbish, and they smelt singeing wax.

The Figures stooped, lifted the Hive, and shook it upside down over the pyre. A cascade of Oddities, chips of broken comb, scale, fluff, and grubs slid out, crackled, sizzled, popped a little, and then the flames roared up and consumed all that fuel.

"We must disinfect," said a Voice. "Get me a sulphur-candle, please."

The shell of the Hive was returned to its place, a light was set in its sticky emptiness, tier by tier the

Figures built it up, closed the entrance, and went away. The swarm watched the light leaking through the cracks all the long night. At dawn one Wax-moth came by, fluttering impudently.

"There has been a miscalculation about the New Day, my dears," she began; "one can't expect people to be perfect all at once. That was our mistake."

"No, the mistake was entirely ours," said the Princess. "Pardon me," said the Wax-moth. "When you think of the enormous upheaval—call it good or bad—which our influence brought about, you will admit that we, and we alone—"

"You?" said the Princess. "Our stock was not strong. So you came—as any other disease might have come. Hang close, all my people."

When the sun rose, Veiled Figures came down, and saw their swarm at the bough's end waiting patiently within sight of the old Hive—a handful, but prepared to go on.

## The 3,000 "Saloon in Our Town" Manuscripts

*Our Contributors Break Evenly on Opposition to the Saloon and a Temperamental Liking for Its Genial Elements*



HIS contest has resulted in pulling out responses from all the States of the Union, Oklahoma, from the canal builders, and from the island possessions. Every town, and every hamlet has heard our trumpet blast. No section of the country, not one, has remained silent or sullen to our desire for light on the saloon. Each person with a red-hot conviction has mailed it to us. Many hundreds of voices have been crying in our ears: "Smash the saloon," and still other hundreds have been shouting: "God bless the saloon for its welcome and light and good cheer." Each advocate is so intense, so sure.

Pass those three thousand ardent little articles through your mind, and slowly there will settle a deposit like that of the Verdict of History. The result of all these theories is an amalgam that comes pretty close to ultimate public opinion.

And not only that, but so many different human notes are struck. Newspaper men, saloon-keepers, Civil War veterans, two thirteen-year-old girls, men in mining camps, lonely New England women, and troubled mothers of young men—the break in their voice gets through into the written page—all these persons, and a host of others, have let loose a little of their own life into their report of the saloon that they love or hate. One lady spoke of the prohibition affair as a "blessed cyclone."

Three minutes later an embittered and thirsty Southerner invaded our peace with "this blighting wave, devastating villages, cities, and States."

Many contributors broke into verse, and sang the requiem of rum.

Said one lyrically:

*"He who claims a father's place,  
Mad with rum's malignant power,  
Threw a glass at mother's face."*

Several quoted:

*"Hush, little booze-joint, don't you cry,  
You'll be a drug store, by and by."*

One essay was entirely alliterative, stating, for instance, that:

*"Gin grogshops generally generate ghastly grave-goers.  
High-balls, high wines, hasten happy hearts hellward."*

A perfect drinking stanza is quoted by "Robert Livingstone" of Parkersburg, West Virginia, who sings in grief but excellent voice:

*"When your heels hit hard and your head feels queer,  
And your thoughts rise up like the froth on beer;  
When your knees are weak and your voice is strong,  
And you laugh all night at some darn-fool song—  
You're drunk, by gad! You're drunk."*

Friendly words of good-will for COLLIER'S editorials, intentions, and general policy were too numerous to be individually answered, but to all wishers we offer our humble and hearty thanks.

Tricks of the artful contributors enlivened our solemn task. The pages would be gummed together, or arranged in reverse order—9, 8, 7, instead of 3, 4, 5.

We pay our most particular friendly respects to R. H. Martin of 1322 Lee Street, Charleston, West Virginia, for the skill that joined together pages 1 and 2.

For seven happy, careless years we have been reading a few hundred manuscripts a week; and are not succumbing to any quaint devices that would prove us asleep at our post.

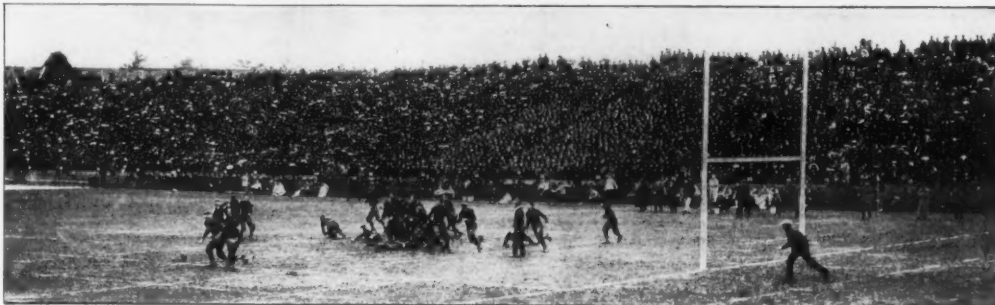
One man mentioned that the publication of his article would be worth five hundred subscribers in his section. We wonder if that was a bribe or just a statement of fact.

In all guises and shapes the manuscripts came tumbling in. One was a parchment roll, five feet long. You read a foot at a time, while the rest of it curled up and went to sleep on the lid of the desk. Another very nice little article was cuddling in the bottom of a large paper bag that had previously held groceries, and grown greasy in service. The five pages of one lady's thoughts were pinned together, end to end, so that we pricked ourselves

(Concluded on page 22)



Tibbott runs through Yale for 45 yards. He was the star performer for Princeton

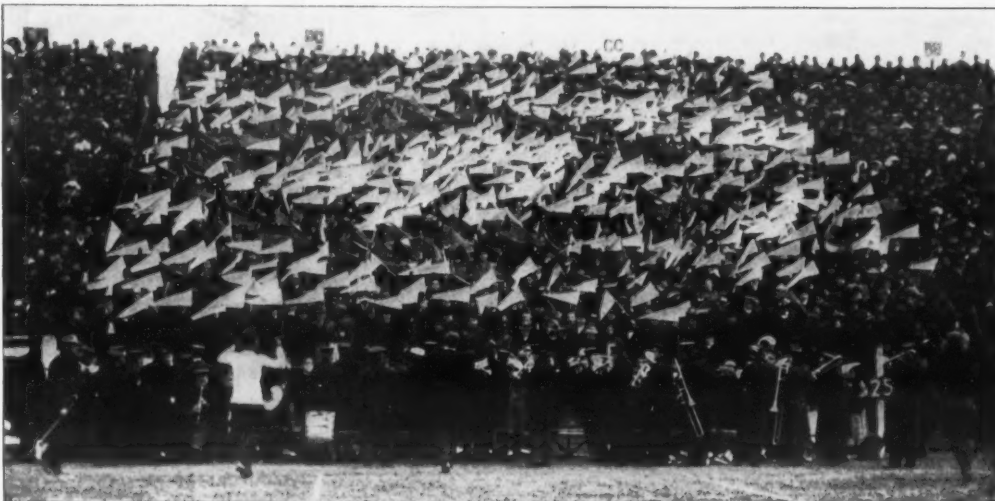


Coy falling on the ball. Yale failing to gain on a forward pass, but saved by her most brilliant player

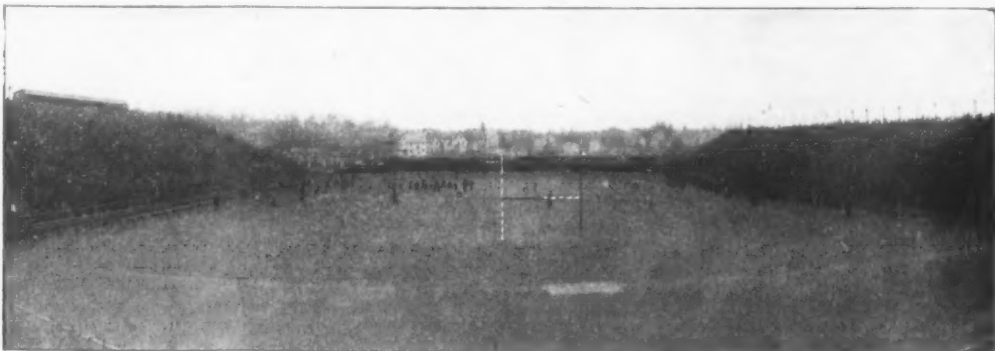
**Yale's Football Victory over Princeton of 11 to 6 on November 14**



Chicago trying for a goal from the field in the first half



Chicago rooters with maroon and white flags. The crowd at Marshall Field numbered 25,000 persons  
**Cornell and Chicago Tie Game, 6 to 6, on November 14**



Hollenback, the Pennsylvania captain, was the hero of the day  
**Pennsylvania Defeating Michigan 29 to 0 on November 14**

# IN THE MUSÉE

*The Enforced Bowery Romance of the Professor's  
Dissolving Family*

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS



The cham-pine altitudinous a-erialist of the world



REDNEY—who sold chewing-gum and prize packages on the various floors of the old "Bowery Musée"—stopped at the door of Madame Carlotta's gypsy tent and grinned in at Madame. "Well," he said, "how's the game goin'? Been holdin' any warm hands lately?"

It was a gypsy tent that might have served as a "Turkish cozy corner" in a Harlem flat; and Madame Carlotta, plump and comfortable, dressed in a scarlet kimono, among soiled, bespangled cushions, looked almost as gipsy-like and nomadic as a fat house cat looks tigerish. She was occupying her spare moments by furtively darning the heels of the Professor's socks, looking down her nose through the glasses of an old-fashioned pince-nez that was poised upon her nose tip as if it had slid down there, to cling to boneless pudginess in the last feeble grip of exhaustion. It was a nose to discourage anything but a carpenter's vise, and the spring of the pince-nez had been worn weak—reading palms. (She used spectacles, of course, in private life.)

She looked up at Redney carefully, mindful of the glasses.

"Yuh'll sneeze some day," he said, "an' get them goggles stuck in yer throat."

She took them off—to cry, with a start of anxiety: "Why ain't you sellin' your things?"

"Nothin' doin'." He had a wooden tray of chewing-gum and prize packages slung before him on straps from his shoulders. "Couldn't sell that gang silver dollars at three fer a nickel. They haven't got the price. Bunch o' kikes an' dagoes. Say! The nex' dame yuh get, tell her she's goin' to find her fortune in a prize package, will yuh. That'd help."

She shook her head. "They don't come the way they ust to. The Professor says he don't think we're more than payin' rent since Feb'yry."

Redney made a sound of derision in his nose. "The game's a dead one. Ev'ry one's wise to them fakes." He indicated the "exhibits" with a backward jerk of the head.

He was called "Redney" as a dog is called "Spot"; his real name was as unknown as his history. He had arrived at the Musée with the sun-scalded complexion of an amateur tramp; and after "boosting" for a time, on the street, he had obtained the privilege of selling candies inside, on a percentage basis. (It was understood that he had previously been traveling with a circus, as a "butcher," selling lemonade and "red-hots.") He had a lumpy chin and jaw, but thin lips—lips that were nimble, full of unexpected muscles, suave and slangy—the lips of a man who has the gift of the gab.

"Movin' pictur' joints an' nickelodeons 've got us on the blink," he said. "We're tryin' to pay too much rent any way."

She replaced her glasses and resumed her knitting desperately. "I don't know whatever we'll do—if the Musée shuts up—the Professor an' me. We haven't got a penny put by. Oh, dear! I'm that worried I can't sleep nights." She added, unexpectedly: "You mustn't be fightin' with him. He's worried. That's what makes him bad-tempered."

Redney and the Professor had come to an open quarrel on the previous day because Redney had wished to call his wares on the floors of the Musée, and the Professor, as floor-manager, had refused to let him "solicit" except silently.

"He seems gay enough to-night," Redney said.

She shook her head again. "I don't know whatever we'll do."

He suggested: "Yuh don't get along with him any too smooth, yerself, do yuh?"

"Oh, well," she sighed. "You know—old married people—"

He cut in: "When were yuh married?" His tone was dispassionate and inquiring, but there was something under it that startled her.

She gave him a quick look. He said: "Uh?" His face was blank. "Yuh said yuh were old married people. Yuh must 'a' married young."

"O-oh!" She busied herself in a suspiciously close inspection of the mended socks. "Yes."

She doubled a pair together, inside of themselves, in the customary deft way of housewives. "We've been married a long time."

"Yuh've said it twice, so it must be true," he remarked, with his usual brazen calm. "Been a gay life, eh? Enjoyed ev'ry minute of it?"

She regarded him with a pathetic doubtfulness of expression, bewildered by worry and not sure of his sarcasm. "Gay?" she said—and got no farther.

There was a look in his eyes that had nothing to do with his words—one of those indescribable significances of scrutiny which do not express thought but show where it is concealed. On the instant, with a shifting of the eyelid, it was gone. "Well, cheer up," he said. "The worst is yet to come." And, shrugging up the tray-straps on his shoulders, he went out, to meet the small attendance of "visitors" who were following the Professor from the lower end of the hall.

She sat looking after him, blankly, with the socks in her hand, weighed down by an apprehension which his parting words had not allayed.

## II



HE hall on which he had issued was the width, length, and height of a single Bowery shop—and that is narrow, long, and low. It was dimly lit with a half-dozen gas-jets that did not seem to thrive in the exhausted air;

and under these jets, on platforms along the walls, sat a half-dozen entertainers, exhibitors, and living curiosities waiting for the public to be drawn to them by the Professor's "spiel." In a double row down the center of the room were punching machines to tempt the Bowery's strong right arm, blowing machines for the lungs, lifting machines for the back, grip machines for the hands, automatic phonographs, weighing machines, and mutascopes—all waiting in vain for the unwary penny. The owners of the pennies evidently knew by heart the automatic record of their physical prowess. They walked up and down the rows of machines listlessly, with the blasé air of the true Boweryite when he is trying to be amused—that air of wandering about in the vague hope of arriving somewhere else, with the certain knowledge that he will find there nothing new.

The Professor stood upon a platform watching them. Redney watched the Professor.

He was the floor-manager, the lecturer, the announcer, the general "spieler" of the Musée—a black little man in a black little suit of evening clothes that looked as old and rusty as he. (He wore them always, and his manner became them always, for he had a dignified, high manner of public ease.) He had dyed his mustache—a mustache that writhed up on each side of an overhanging nose as if it felt pinched uncomfortably between the nose and the lip. He had dyed the greasy black strings of hair that were combed across his bald top. He had dyed his rising eyebrows. (He was sandy Scotch by nature and his name was MacFinn.) But every one who knew him understood that he dyed for professional reasons, and not because he wished to disguise his evident age; he had too much tolerant contempt for the world to affect any appearances that were not required of him by his position. He was accustomed to talk down to his audiences patronizingly, with an obvious realization of the fact that they were creatures of a lower order—working, worried people come to him for amusement as they might come to a high priest for religious consolation—and, while he lied to them like a press-agent, he did it for their own good, to take their minds off their troubles.

It had been noticeable of late that he had been worried himself, as Madame Carlotta had said—that he had been bad-tempered, as Redney had had cause to observe. The staff of the Musée had supposed that this change in him was due to the "bad business"; and the staff, of course, had been right. But to-night he had broken

loose in his lectures in a mildly wild sort of gaiety; and Redney—after listening to him at the lower end of the hall—had come to Madame Carlotta to see whether she was aware of anything that had happened to relieve the anxieties of her husband. Her conversation had convinced him that she was not in the secret. And when he came out of her tent, it was to watch the Professor again and listen.

The pompous little man cleared his throat. "Ladies and gentle-men!" he began, with a sort of benign contempt. "Allow me to introduce to your notice, Pro-fess-or Hei-namann, the cham-pine altitudinous a-erialist of the world."

The elusive Hei-namann looked at the public, looked down at the bagged knees of his faded pink tights, and tried to stifle a yawn.

The Professor tetered on heel and toe. "I am instructed to announce . . . for the bene-fit of those in-dividuals who may happen to be in the vi-cinity of this building at 10 A. M. on Monday morning . . . that Pro-fessor Hei-namann on that o-casion will perform a daring ah-scension from the roof of this buil-ding to the extra-or-dinary al-titude of some thousands of feet above the sur-face of the earth . . . if the weather on that o-casion happens to be pro-pitious."

The aerialist's yawn had been suddenly swallowed, and he was staring at the back of the Professor's head as if the yawn had stuck in his throat.

"And," the Professor continued, "when the daring navi-gator has de-scentit again from the clouds to ter-ra firma . . . the vehicle in which he per-formed this en-tirely new and novel ah-scension . . . will be placed on ex-hibition in this hall for the bene-fit of the Am-erican pub-lic . . . before the Pro-fessor makes his so-journ to Paris and Lon-don."

That promise caused no excitement among the "visitors." They were accustomed to hearing the impossible promised and then seeing the commonplace performed. It startled Hei-namann for the moment only; he had photographs and a history of his life for sale, and he hastened to offer them while the wonder was still new. It puzzled Madame Carlotta, listening in her tent; but she decided that the Professor was making a heroic effort to draw a crowd for Monday. Redney alone, lounging against the wall, saw something in the reckless promise of the speech which the others did not appreciate.

The Professor rarely joked. He had always been a conservative liar on the platform and magnified the past of his "exhibits" without promising too much for the future. And Redney, thoughtfully scratching in the red thatch of his head, was aware that there was, as he would have said, "somethin' doin'."

The Musée had seen its busiest days in the early eighties, when its Civil War relics were still fresh from the factory and there were enough English-speaking immigrants on the East Side to give the Professor a profitable audience. In the nineties, when "Madame Carlotta" joined its staff, it was just beginning to feel the competition of the Yiddish theaters and the penny arcades. A decade later, when Redney came to it, it was already in its hopeless decline. What he called "movin'-pictur' joints" and "nickelodeons" had changed the public taste in amusement. Civil War relics were no longer of interest—even though they had been imperfectly converted into relics of the campaign in Cuba. The living curiosities had outlived curiosity. Even the Musée's "Amateurs' Night"—of the Professor's own origination—had been stolen by its rivals, and the glory of its Friday night contests had departed. A three-story building, with a theater on its ground floor and two large amusement halls above, can not pay rent and salaries on a feeble trickle of dimes that took a whole evening to fill one of the wooden pools of the till in the box-office. The tragedy was inevitable. The end was foreseen.

And Redney suddenly suspected that it had arrived.

He went quietly downstairs to the box-office to investigate. The Professor proceeded to introduce a "paper wizard" who was waiting to fold a sheet of foolscap into some thousand different shapes, to sell a water-proof shoe-dressing which he had discovered in a "geezer" in



"Redney was aware that there was 'somethin' doin'."

Yellowstone Park, and to preside over the transformations of an "Enchanted Palace" of tinsel and tissue paper, "showing seven wonderful scenes from all parts of the universe, and closing with a grand transformation scene in honor to our national hero, Admiral Dewey." And when the paper wizard stepped forward to roll up his sleeves, the Professor looked in on Madame Carlotta. "What's that boy doing in your tent," he demanded, "all the time? I don't want him round. I told you that before."

His dislike of the boy was instinctive—the antipathy of mature dignity for the impertinent self-sufficiency of youth. It had been increased by Redney's open contempt for the Professor's eloquence. It had gained purpose and effect when Redney succeeded in so ingratiating himself with Madame Carlotta that she had wished to "give the poor boy a home," and the Professor had refused to let her do so.

She put her hand down flat on the table. "Mac," she said, in a low voice of determination, "I won't stand it. I won't stand it no longer. People are throwin' it up to me the way you treat me."

"That's—that's that boy!"

"And I won't stand it. Here I've been spendin' ev'ry cent I made on you an' the flat—ev'ry cent of it. And now, if anything happens I got nothin'!" She checked herself with the thought that if she quarreled now she might not have even him. "I've done everything for you, an' you haven't— You won't even tell me," she said plaintively, "about the Musée, whether it's goin' to bust up."

He nodded at the charts of palmistry and decorations of hocus-pocus on the walls. "Read it in the cards," he said. "Read it in the cards."

"You've never treated me right. Never!"

He had found her practising her innocent black arts in a tenement-house, and had procured her her place in the Musée. He was then a lonely old bachelor, and she was the deserted widow of a circus man who had run away from her and taken their child. She had been so grateful to the Professor that she had served him ever since like a bound slave; and he had accepted everything from her with his high platform air, acknowledging no obligation to anybody, reserved and selfish, above the world and vain.

He said now, narrowing his eyes: "If the Musée shuts up, p'raps he'll look after you, eh? You were so set on giving him a home, mebbe he'll give you one. I've never treated you right! You turn on me the first word a red-headed brat says against me. Mebbe he'll do better for you. Yes! Eh?"

"I never turned against you," she weakened. "The boy's nothin' to me, an' you know it." She began to weep. "I've been that worried— You've been so bad-tempered— Wh-what are we goin' to do if the place shuts up?"

He made a face that expressed his contempt of these marital quarrels and feminine blubberings. "I've been trying to hold the place together here for the Boss. I didn't know whether we were going to shut up any more than you did. Now— Well, you'll have a chance to learn who your friends are to-night. Young gutter-snipe! We'll be rid of him, anyway."

"Are we goin' to close to-night?"

"That's not your business."

"We are!"

"You keep quiet," he ordered. "Do you want them to come here and seize everything?"

The paper wizard had raised his voice to describe the climax of his grand transformation scene; it was the call of duty to the Professor, and with a final snort of indignation he left her and went back to his work. She looked out after him, her eyes so filled with tears that she could not see confronting her the "triumphal arch to Admiral Dewey" with the Philippine Islands in the background. But even through the stupefaction of her anxiety she heard the ridiculous wizard orate: "Many beautiful flowers blossom on these islands, only to fade, wither, and pass away, but the flower of the American navy, his glory'll never fade in the hearts of his countrymen, Admiral Dewey." A bouquet of paper roses opened into a chromo of the admiral, and, in a dead silence, that should have been filled with an ovation to the hero, the paper wizard bowed himself off. The imperishable glory of the flower of the navy had already faded in the hearts of his countrymen, and Madame Carlotta recognized that the wizard's climax, like everything else in the Musée, was a foredoomed failure.

If the Musée closed—

"Ladiesangelmn," a new voice piped up, "alludin' to these prize packages w'ich I'm givin' away this ev'nin', I want 'a say each an' ev'ry package consists in the best cough drops, dew drops, lem'nade drops, an' bun-buns made 'r manufactured, war'nted a cure for all such as coughs, col's, warts, an' toot'aches, an' if any o' youse—"

It was Redney. In defiance of the Professor's orders and the rules of the Musée, he was crying his wares. She watched him from the door of the tent, her fingers at her mouth. He was holding aloft a sample package. "—has such as coughs, col's, warts, an' toot'aches, I'd advise him to try one at once. One fer you?" The Professor had shouldered his way through the little crowd to him. Redney offered him a package impudently. "In each an' ev'ry package the ladies 'at wraps up these

packages— Fi' cents. That's all. Marked down from ten. Don' want it? Well, run away an' play. I'm busy."

The Professor had reached a hand out at him, to grip his coat. Redney struck it aside. "Cut it out," he snarled, "er I'll—"

"Redney!" she cried.

The crowd closed in with the eager expectation of seeing a fight. He waved a package at her, reassuringly. "The ladies 'at wraps up these packages has a habit 'f accident'ly droppin' in gol' watches an' di'mon' ringses, an' if any o' youse gets such a gol' watch er a di'mon' ring— All right, gran'pa. All right. Run away an' play with yerself— I'm requested t' ask yuh to leave it with gran'pa here."



He's savin' up gol' watches an' di'mon' ringses fer Chris'mas."

The Professor had mounted another platform. "Ladies and gentle-men," he shouted, "if you will now kindly step this way—"

"These here packages sells for a dime, ten cents, but on this interestin' occasion I'm sellin' 'em two fer five. Also chew-in-gum, two sticks fer a nickel. Here y' are, good people. Don' mind ol' Baldy there. Two fer five. Two fer five. Two fer five. Soon's I'm sold out I'll take him down off his perch an' wipe the floor with him. Two fer five. Hurry up now, if you want to see the fight. Right y'are. Who's the nex'? Here it is."

The Bowery knew a bargain; and the prize packages, two fer a nickel, were sold as fast as Redney could hand them out. The Professor, fuming helplessly, watched them go. Several times he called out his invitation to "step this way," but no one obeyed him. At last, when it was almost time for Redney to redeem his promise to wipe the floor with him, he shouted: "We will now proceed downstairs, where some inter-est'ing exhibits are awaiting us," and, leaving Redney to his triumph, he went below with all the dignity of an old dog that has been barked out of countenance by a pup.

When Redney had emptied his tray, he said cheerfully: "Now, frien's, I want to thank yuh fer yer kind attention an' say good-night. The rest o' the show's waitin' fer yuh downstairs. Hurry up, er yuh'll miss it. Go on. Go on. NO fight to-night. All bets are off."

### III



HE WAITED until the last reluctant small boy had taken to the stairs; then he grinned his way over to Madame's tent, winking at his friends on their platforms, and counting his nickels as he went. "Well," he said, "I'm sold out. How're you gettin' on?"

"What's the matter? What did you do it fer?"

He jerked his thumb over his shoulder at the hall. "They're grabbin' everythin' downstairs fer rent. Two fer a nickel's better 'n nothin' apiece. The game's up."

"There!" she said. "I knew it!"

She sank back upon her cushions, staring at him with the dumb eyes of disaster realized. He laughed and reached for her cards on the table.

"Now what'll we do?" she said. "Now!"

He sat down and shuffled the bits of pasteboard and began to lay them out on the table before him.

"Not a cent saved," she said. "Not a cent. . . . Where is he? The Professor? What's he goin' to do?"

"Yuh can search me," Redney assured her. "I don't know." He studied the cards. "Say," he said, "yuh been married before?"

"What?"

He put his cigarette-stained forefinger on the Queen of Hearts. "Yuh've been married before. Had a kid, too."

She blinked at him between grief and amazement. He laid out more cards. "He was a circus man, wasn't he? What become o' the boy?"

She opened her mouth to speak and remained with it open, leaning forward to see the cards—which he was studying sagely. "Yer name was Carr, eh?" he said. "Lottie Carr. That's why it's Madame Carlotta, ain't it?"

She clutched his arm. "What 're you talkin' about?"

"I'm tellin' yer fortune." He spread more cards. "Huh! He ran off with the kid. A tumbler. Yuh don't say. Got his neck broke in Denver. What become o' the kid?"

She answered, as if in spite of herself, faintly: "I don't know."

"Well, let's see." He spread more cards. "The kid, eh? Let's see. . . . How about that? That looks like it. He went on with the troupe. An' then when he wouldn't tumble he got to sellin' peanuts an' lem'nade. He was darned glad he was quit o' th' ol' man. Let's see. He come back to N' York." Her hand had tightened on his arm, in a shaking grasp. "An' one day, on the Bow'ry, he seen a sign 'Madame Carlotta' in a Musée. Wonder if it was her?"

He grinned around past his shoulder at her. "Looks like her."

Her poor old face was as if paralyzed in an expression of incredulous amazement and delight. "Ah!" she said



"Marked down from ten. Don' want it? Well, run away and play"

in her throat, without moving her lips, open-mouthed. And then, with a shaking jaw, stutteringly, she cried: "B-b-bab!"

"Sure thing," he grinned.

She caught him round the neck and drew him down to her, and in spite of his shamefaced and protesting laughter she almost strangled him with a hug and smothered him in her embraces. "Bab! Bab!" she cried, her hands about his face as if he were a child— patting his cheeks, stroking his hair back from his forehead, kissing and fondling him. "Oh, Bab!" Her tears came with her kisses. "My—my—"

It was too much for her. She burst into sobs, fumbling for her handkerchief. The boy patted her awkwardly on the back, whispering: "Hol' on, mom. That's all right. Don't cry about it."

"Oh, I can't help it," she wept, wiping her eyes with the sleeve of her kimono. "I'm so— Oh, I was so worried. Oh, it didn't seem as if there was any one— Oh, Bab!"

"That's all right," he said. "I'd 'a' told yuh long ago only I didn't know whether— I thought p'raps th' ol' guy—"

"Oh, why didn't you. Oh, dear. Oh, I can't stop." She mopped her face frantically. "Oh, I'm so glad. Oh, Bab!"

He waited until she had regained control of herself, patting her clumsily on the shoulder. "That's all right," he said. "I thought p'raps the Professor—" The name checked her; she choked down a sob, suddenly recalled to the thought of him. "I didn't know," Redney went on, "whether he'd want me round—whether you—"

"Bab!" She rose with all the dignity of an old mother. "D'you think I'd let him—"

"That's all right, then. All right. It's up to him, then."

She took off her kimono and threw it among the cushions. "There!" she said. "I'm done with him. He's never treated me right. Never! He told me to-night— No! I'll work no more for him. Bab!" She threw out her arms to him. "Take me away—from—from this—from him. I—"

"Here now," he said, with embarrassed gruffness. "Yuh don't need to throw a fit. Yuh're comin' back with me an' stay there. I know a better job than this. Yuh won't have to work fer nobody. Get yer hat on. Come on."

The Professor filled the tent door—wiping his forehead weakly with a red handkerchief, unconscious of the fact that she was not alone. "Well," he said, bitterly, "you've got it now. They've seized everything." He saw Redney, and threw out a hand at him, passionately, shaking the handkerchief. "Get out of here. Get out."

Redney nodded. "I'm goin'. Come on, mom."

She jabbed in her hat-pins. "That's my son," she said. "That's my boy. He's offered me a home. Now, then!"

The Professor looked from one to the other, with his scowl of anger slowly fading till his face was a gaze of staring astonishment.

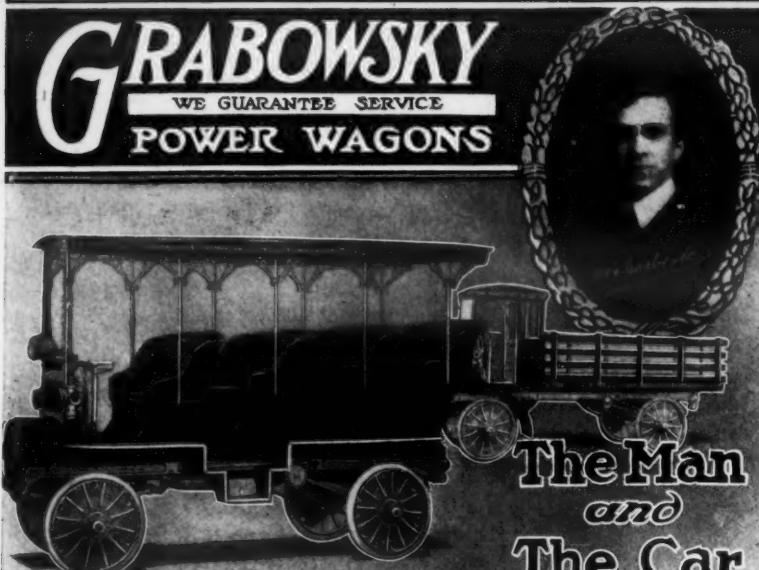
"You've never treated me right," she cried. "Never! I've given you everything—worked fer you an' everythin'. I'm not goin' to do it no more."

He sat down among the cushions, blinking, with a sort

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of stunned look that was pitiable enough to accuse her of inhumanity.

"You've made my— It's been a cat an' dog life," she defended herself. "You've brought it on yourself. I wanted to do what was right. You've no one but yourself to blame."

He tried to pull himself together, with a return of his pride.

"I don't want to leave you on the street," she said, reluctantly. She looked around at Redney. "I s'pose, if he—until he gets work somewhere—"

The Professor drew himself up. "No!" His voice was no more than a croak. "No!" His vanity would not let him—or if not his vanity, then his self-respect. He did not know how dependent he was; we none of us do. He had regarded himself as a masterly, strong spirit, living aloof from the weaknesses of humanity; and he was willing to let her go without a word of kindness or reconciliation.

She went. He stood up, dazed and shaken. He stumbled out into the hall to look after her. There, all the living curiosities, exhibitors, and platform entertainers were cursing and despairing together like the passengers on a sinking ship. Their wages were lost; their trunks, their properties, their trained animals, and their poor exhibits were all held by the law. They

faced bankruptcy and want. And the Professor, the captain of the wreck, stood for a moment pale before that hubbub, and then retreated from it, down the back stairs, into the street.

He wandered about desolately, till fatigue drove him home to his empty rooms. She had been there. Her trunk was gone and all of her small furnishings that could be packed into it. On the back of an envelope, hung on a gas-jet where he could be sure to see it, she had scrawled: "Good-by."

He left it there.

He left it there and left the gas burning, and—as a final expression of his mood—went to bed in his clothes, with his shoes on.

THAT was all years ago. Every trace of the old Bowery Musée is gone now—gone with the public that used to patronize and the conditions that kept it alive. (A penny savings bank has been built on its site.) Madame Carlotta and young Redney have disappeared together—no one knows where. Only the Professor remains—an old rounder on the Bowery, gray and shabby, sleeping in doss houses and hawking a china cement—and he, as the chief victim of this tragedy in fakirdom, is still too proud for pity and too absurd for anything else.

## The Bride's Dead

(Continued from page 15)

"Oh—oh," she said, at length, and her shining eyes were turned from the groom to me, and back and forth between us, "if you could have seen your faces!"

IT SEEMED strange to us, an alteration in the logical and natural, but neither the groom nor I received corporal punishment for our attempt at escape. Farallone had read our minds like an open book; he had, as it were, put us up to the escapade in order to have the pure joy of thwarting us. That we should have been drawn to his exact waiting place like needles to the magnet had a smack of the supernatural, but was in reality a simple and explicable happening. For if we had not ascended to the little meadow, Farallone, alertly watching, would have descended from it, and surprised us at some further point. That we should have caught no glimpse of his great bulk anywhere ahead of us in the day-long stretch of open, park-like country, was also easily explained. For Farallone had made the most of the journey in the stream itself, drifting with a log.

And although, as I have said, we were not to receive corporal punishment, Farallone visited his power upon us in other ways. He would not at first admit that we had intended to escape; but kept praising us for having followed him so loyally and devotedly; for saving him the trouble of a return journey, and for thinking to bring along the bulk of our worldly possessions. Tiring at length of this, he switched to the opposite point of view. He goaded us nearly to madness with his criticisms of our inefficiency, and he mocked repeatedly the groom's ill-timed cry of Liberty.

"Liberty!" he said, "you never knew, you never will know, what that is—you miserable little pin-head. Liberty is for great natures."

"Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage."

But the woman shall know what liberty is. If she had wanted to leave me there was nothing to stop her. Do you think she'd have followed the river, leaving a broad trail? Do you think she'd have walked right into this meadow—unless she hadn't cared? Not she. Did you ask her advice, you self-sufficienties? Not you. You were the men folk, you thought, and you were to have the ordering of everything. You make me sick, the pair of you. . . .

He kept us awake until far into the night with his jibes and his laughter.

"Well," he said lastly, "good night, girls. I'm about sick of you, and in the morning we part company. . . ."

At the break of dawn he waked us from heavy sleep—me with a cuff, the groom with a kick, the bride with a feline touch upon the hair.

"And now," said he, "be off."

He caught the bride by the shoulder.

"Not you," he said.

"I am to stay?" she asked, as if to settle some trivial and unimportant point.

"Do you ask?" said he; "was man meant to live alone? This will be enough

home for us." And he turned to the groom. "Get," he said savagely.

"Mr. Farallone," said the bride—she was very white, but calm, apparently, and collected—"you have had your joke. Let us go now, or better come with us. We will forget our former differences, and you will never regret your future kindnesses."

"Don't you want to stay?" exclaimed Farallone in a tone of astonishment.

"If I did," said the bride gently, "I could not and I would not."

"What's to stop you?" asked Farallone.

"My place is with my husband," said the bride, "whom I have sworn to love, and to honor, and to obey."

"Woman," said Farallone, "do you love him, do you honor him?"

She pondered a moment. Then held her head high.

"I do," she said.

"God bless you," cried the groom.

"Rats," said Farallone, and he laughed bitterly. "But you'll get over it," he went on. "Let's have no more words." He turned to the groom and to me.

"Will you climb down the cliff or shall I throw you?"

"Let us all go," said the bride, and she caught at his trembling arm, "and I will bless you, and wish you all good things—and kiss you good-by."

"If you go," said Farallone, and his great voice trembled, "I die. You are everything. You know that. Would I have hit you if I hadn't loved you so—poor little cheek!" His voice became a kind of mumble.

"Let us go," said the bride, "if you love me."

"Not you," said Farallone, "while I live. I would not be such a fool. Don't you know that in a little while you'll be glad?"

"Is that your final word?" said the bride.

"It must be," said Farallone. "Are you not a gift to me from God?"

"I think you must be mad," said the bride.

"I am unalterable," said Farallone, "as God made me—I am. And you are mine to take."

"Do you remember," said the bride, "what you said when you gave me the revolver? You said that if ever I thought it best to shoot you—you would let me do it."

"I remember," said Farallone, and he smiled.

"That was just talk, of course?" said the bride.

"It was not," said Farallone; "shoot me."

"Let us go," said the bride. Her voice faltered.

"Not you," said Farallone, "while I live."

His voice, low and gentle, had in it a kind of far-off sadness. He turned his eyes from the bride, and looked the rising sun in the face. He turned back to her and smiled.

"You haven't the heart to shoot me," he said. "My darling."

"Let us go."

"Let—you—go!" He laughed. "Send—away—my—mate!"

His eyes clouded and became vacant. He blinked them rapidly, and raised his hand to his brow. It seemed to me that in that instant, suddenly come and suddenly gone, I perceived a look of insanity in his face. The bride, too, perhaps, saw

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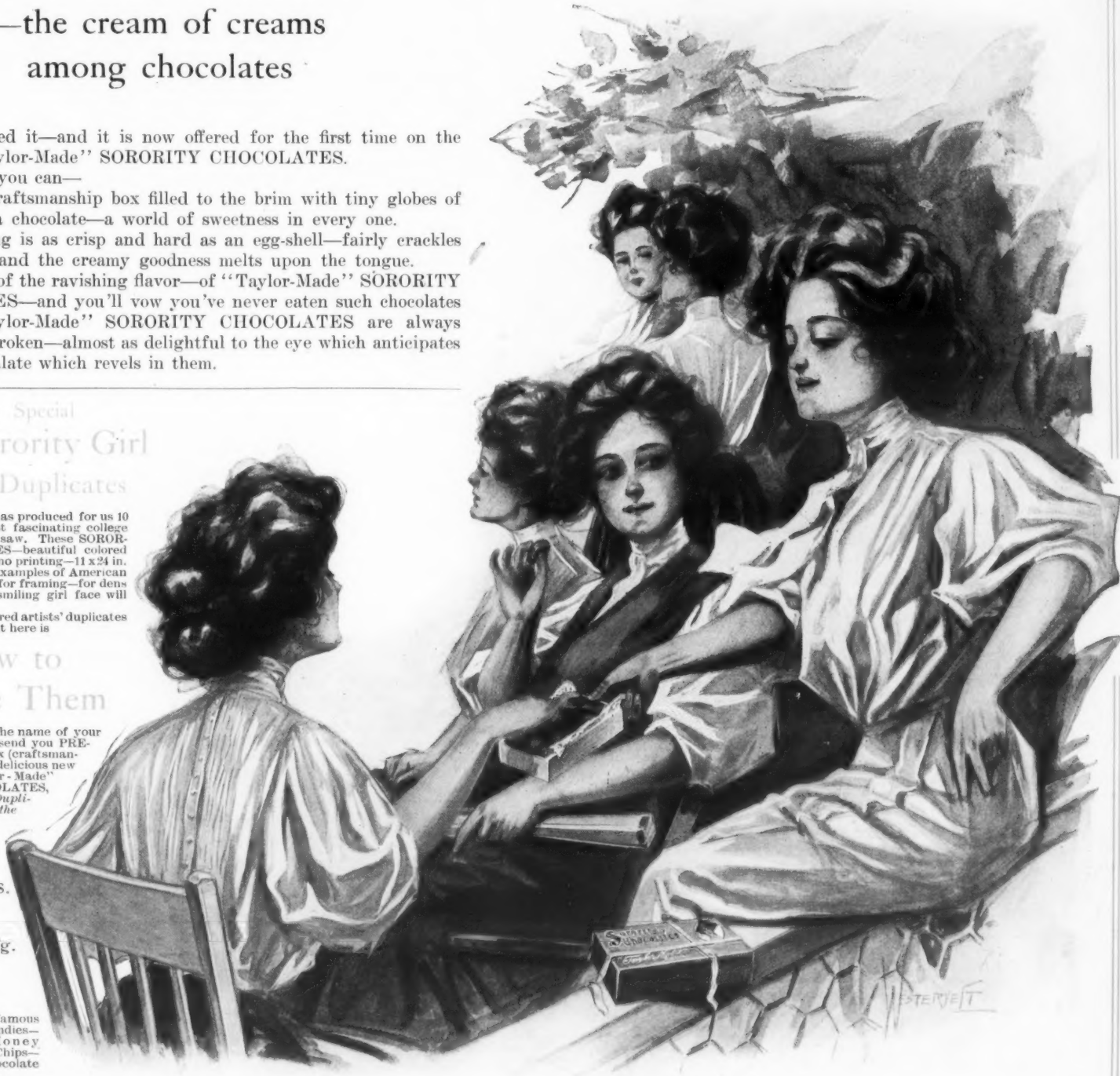
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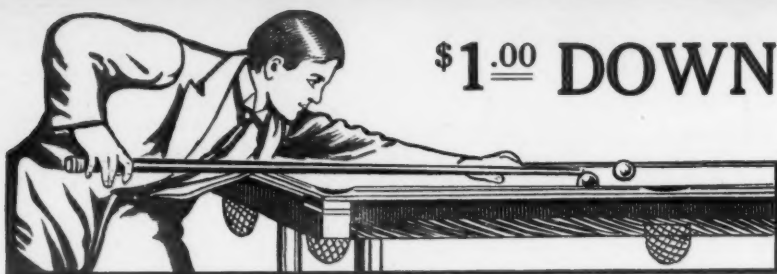
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something of the kind, for like a flash she had the revolver out, and cocked it.

"Splendid," cried Farallone, and his eyes blazed with a tremendous love and admiration. "This is something like," he cried. "Two forces face to face—a man and a bullet—love behind them both. Ah, you do love me—don't you?"

"Let us go," said the bride. Her voice shook violently.

"Not you," said Farallone, "while I live."

He took a step toward her, his eyes dancing and smiling. "Do you know," he said, "I don't know if you'll do it or not. By my soul, I don't know. This is living, this is. This is gambling. I'll do nothing violent," he said, "until my hands are touching you. I'll move toward you slowly one slow step at a time—with my arms open—like this—you'll have plenty of chance to shoot me—we'll see if you'll do it."

"We shall see," said the bride.

They faced each other motionless. Then Farallone, his eyes glorious with excitement and passion, his arms open, moved toward her one slow deliberate step.

"Wait," he cried suddenly. "This is too good for them." He jerked his thumb toward the groom and me. "This is a sight for gods—not jackasses. Go down to the river," he said to us. "If you hear a shot come back. If you hear a scream—"

then as you value your miserable hides—get!"

We did not move.

The bride, her voice tense and high-pitched, turned to us.

"Do as you're told," she cried, "or I will ask this man to throw you over the cliff." She stamped her foot.

"And this man," said Farallone, "will do as he's told."

There was nothing for it. We left them alone in the meadow, and descended the cliff to the river. And there we stood for what seemed the ages of ages, listening and trembling.

A faint, far-off detonation, followed swiftly by louder and fainter echoes, broke suddenly upon the rushing noises of the river. We commenced feverishly to scramble back up the cliff. Half-way to the top we heard another shot, a second later a third, and after a longer interval, as if to put a quietus upon some final show of life—a fourth.

A nebulous drift of smoke hung above the meadow.

Farallone lay upon his face at the bride's feet. The groom sprang to her side and threw a trembling arm about her.

"Come away," he cried, "come away."

But the bride freed herself gently from his encircling arm, and her eyes still bent upon Farallone—

"Not till I have buried my dead," she said.

## "The English—God Bless 'Em"

A Letter from Sir Montague Cholmondeley to Captain Reginald Finn-Preachley

By ARTHUR T. VANCE

Midsummer's day,  
The Junior Turf Club,  
Little Duke Street,  
Piccadilly, W. London.

MY DEAR OLD REGGIE:

I WAS awfully good of you to ask me down to Cookham Priory for Whitsuntide, and I would jolly well like to take you on, but the truth of the whole beastly thing is that I can't, literally can't, at any price or figure.

If I could, I jolly well would. I'd hail a four-wheeler and book down, if only for the lark of seeing Lady Ermentrude and Lady Hermione and the dear mater. How devilish ripping, to have a chin-chin with them at tiffin time, but, Reggie, there's no use in rotting and evading and messing about. I'm dashed if I'll funk the fences. I'll run a true course, wire or no wire, and tell you ten rotten reasons why I can't come.

In the first place, dear boy, you must know that the wife has a ghastly touch of the "flu," and I hate to chuck her while she is sniffling. She went to the meet of Algy Arbuthnot's hounds and a stiff rain caught her up between Ore-Stokehampton and Nutting Rise. The result is a sickening case of whiffles.

Secondly—The trip down to Cookham is a beastly thick one, and, somehow, I always seem to have the worst of luck on this line. Once the guard insulted me; once the engine-driver fell on the metals in the path of a goods train, and messed up the line most fearfully; and once I actually failed to secure a tea basket or a hot-water-tin, all the way from Chudbury Common to Bruckleton Downs; so that the very idea of being chivvied about on a trip to Cookham sickens and revolts me.

Thirdly—I am flat, and stony broke, and though I am not a bally pincher, I hate spending all my little oof on a week-end. ('Twould take a lot of ready, you know—certainly a fiver and probably nearer to ten golden "sufferings," of the brightest and best.) I blame that accursed Epsom for this, of course. Fancy winning one out of twenty-nine races! A bit of a sickener, what? Somehow or other, when it comes to the matter of a race-meet I am always a sitter.

Fourthly—I know it seems like piffle, but I'm having a deuced bad time with my little Mary. The chemist tells me it's only "indy," and that I'll be going strong before Ladies' Day, but I hate to sit about among friends while the torture is on.

Fifthly—Your good wife is a top-hole sort, and I'm awfully fond of her, but (don't be shirty, old pal)—I hate her ideas of temperance. It's deuced hard for a chap who has been doing himself right royally on Moet '88 to come down to lemon-squash and barley-water. I get fearfully peckish and giddy without proper drink at my meals.

Sixthly—My man, Pickthall (he was with Wriothesley, you remember, of the Queen's Own), is dying of enteric, and I hate messing about without a servant. I

call it fearful bad taste of him—what? He always *was* a wrong 'un.

Seventhly—We are expecting a visit from old Colonel de Bath, and the wife has asked the mater and a pack of army chaps in for dinner on Sunday. It's all rubbishy and piffish, of course, this silly fuss about him, but, as a matter of record, I owe the old buck upwards of eighty quid, and I must be decently civil, as there's always the off-chance that I may land him for more, particularly if he turns up bright-in-the-eyes, as is his wont after a night or two in London.

Eighthly—Another reason, dear boy, why I'm a bit squeamish about visiting just now is that I had a bit of bad luck with dear old Crawley of the Guards, the other night at Skindle's. We were both a bit screwed, and the sweet pop we had been drinking had made me drowsy. We were playing bacarat, and I was punting heavily—considering that I had practically no money—and was losing more than I had stomach for. It was getting fearful thick, and finally I was without counters and without coin. Here Crawley behaved very caddishly, and insisted upon keeping all the money he had won from me. I was furious and told him what I thought of such behavior. Before I knew what he was about he struck me a cruel blow, and I went over like a wet biscuit. The consequence is that I have an appallingly bad eye and nose—red and yellow with little dashes of green—and I am almost ashamed to travel about, looking, as I do, like a prismatic chameleon.

Ninthly—You have, you know, no telephone, and I rather like, after tea, to telephone through to Tattersalls', and learn what the gee-gees have done at Ascot.

Tenthly—Lady Betty Bagshot has asked me down to Surrey, and, frankly, as I must go *somewhere*, I shall motor down to her at Blythesley to-morrow and spend a few days there. She has ripping shooting on her pater's place (Holme-Willoughsby), and I rather want to have a hack at the birds.

And so, Reggie, I think I had best be frank and say "no."

Now, dear old soldier, there is a favor I want to ask of you. Can you spare me a tanner until somebody's horse wins something for me? If so, send it along deuced quick; I am flat.

My address will be:

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Malvern Mansions,  
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High Godalming,  
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Kenwick Scrubbs,  
Surrey.

With a thousand regrets, and all that sort of muck, I am, dear boy,  
Your regretful but expectant,

MONTY.

To Captain Reginald Finn-Preachley,  
Cookham Priory,  
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Moorlands,  
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## A Nerve Specialist to His Patients

To a Woman Who is Unhappy About Vivisection

By FREDERICK PETERSON, M.D.



WHEN a distressing idea occupies the mind too constantly, one of the best means of eradicating it is to substitute some other idea, if possible a pleasant one, but if that is not always feasible, some other distressing idea will do. For instance, we treat melancholia by isolation from home and friends, knowing that the feeling of homesickness thus engendered often distracts the mind from the former circle of depressing ideas, acts as a counter-irritant, or, as one might say, it is a kind of mustard plaster to the mind. So since you are wrought up by the somewhat misleading articles against vivisection which you have read, let me call your attention to certain facts and principles which have a more or less close relation to this subject. I believe that the dominant question as to vivisection is: "Is it moral?" Have we human beings a moral right to use the lower animals for any purpose whatever when such use entails pain or death? We do use them for food, and over 50,000,000 beavers, sheep, and hogs go annually to slaughter in this country for such use, not to speak of the numberless other millions of poultry and fish which are sacrificed to the same need of sustenance. There were 250,000,000 chickens, turkeys, ducks, and geese in the United States in 1900—all slain and eaten by this time. Did you ever visit a slaughter-house and see a single frightened ox driven to execution? If so, you would, I am sure, with your sympathetic nature, turn vegetarian. Inquire into the methods of killing and the methods of care of these creatures during transportation. It will repay you.

We use them for clothing. Your furs are probably the costly tribute of a painful death. Your shoes came from the slaughter-house. I will not speak of the discomfort your woollens and possibly pillows may have brought these other creatures. But I noticed an ostrich-feather in one of your hats plucked from a living bird, and in another hat an egret. Do you know the tragedy that gave you possession of the egret? You can read the wretched story in some of the leaflets of your State Audubon Society.

This wholesale slaughter I have just described is for food and clothing and decoration. The use of the lower animals for human amusement and recreation is another story. At your leisure I wish you would look into the matter of pigeon-shooting, the hunting of wild animals, the joys of the fisherman, the doings of the sportsman with his decoys and modern duck-guns, and the less noble art of pot-hunting. A hundred pot-hunters go out to shoot for a prize, the winner being the one who brings in the largest number of wild things maimed and killed—rabbits, squirrels, song birds, indeed any creature haunting wood or field.

You might carry investigations further into the matter of painful mutilation of animals for utility or whim or fashion. I noticed the other day that one of your pet dogs had had his ears trimmed and his tail cut off, and the horses which you drive have had their tails docked by a particularly painful operation.

### Counter-Horrors

OF THE 16,000,000 horses in this country (United States Census 1900) I assume that fully one-half, or 8,000,000, have been gelded, and all of the 61,000,000 sheep (census 1900) had their tails cut off shortly after birth, not to speak of the cutting off the horns of countless cattle. Ask some farmer to tell you the details and methods of these cruel and painful operations—conducted without ether or chloroform. I understand that it is common in gelding (an operation performed on horses, swine, and sheep) for the organs to be torn out by hand. The following quotation from "Popular Mechanics," January, 1908, Vol. X, page 10, speaks for itself:

"A new device for use by breeders in the task of separating young lambs from their tails 'sears' or burns the tail off in a simple and effective way. The knife has been the usual instrument used for this operation, but it is always attended with loss of blood, which hinders the growth of the lamb."

When we go to war we force the horses into that hell of mutilation and slaughter without compunction.

You see how the question of the morality of our conduct deepens when we take the wider view, how complex it becomes. Personally, I am convinced that it is right

to use animals for food and clothing, at least at this stage of human evolution, but I feel less certain when it comes to their destruction for purposes of decoration, sport, war, etc. At any rate, there is argument in favor of your joining some Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. But when you do so do not forget mankind also. I am strongly in favor of founding a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Man. I believe on the whole that the lower animals, despite all I have alluded to above, are much better treated and better cared for by man than man himself. For one thing they are on the average better stabled and steyed than man is, if I may judge from my own observation and reading. On the average they are better fed and more sure of their food—because—well, because they have a value in money. Men, women, and children have no real money value.

Eugenics are for cattle, horses, dogs, cats, not for man. Perfectly preventable disorders carry off hosts of mankind of every age every year. Typhoid fever killed 13,160 persons in the United States in 1906. It would have cost money to secure a pure water supply, and these thirteen thousand lives were not worth money. Were live stock thus menaced, the Agricultural Department would spend any sum to prevent the spread of this disease. Typhoid fever is only one of many similar instances. It has been estimated that 400,000 deaths in every million are due to preventable causes.

### The Human Slaughter-House

MOST of the 40,000 to 50,000 annual deaths in this country, not to mention the enormous number of human mutilations, from violence, such as railroad and street-car accidents and mine disasters, are preventable by the use of safety appliances, which would be used in the protection of the lower animals, but are too expensive for human beings. Just as an instance of what is meant, in 1906 the railroads killed 4,671 and maimed 71,356 passengers and employees (United States Census). The killed and maimed who were not passengers or employees are not counted in these figures.

Among items of cruelty to children I might mention that there were in 1905 (United States Census) 159,899 children under sixteen years of age employed in factories. There are 2,000,000 little ones at work all day and frequently all night.

There is a little band of men who offer up themselves for the good of both animals and man. They are searchers for the cause and cure of disease. They are often invidiously called vivisectionists by some persons because that is thought to be an opprobrious epithet. They are not like the majority of mankind who are working chiefly for themselves. They belong to a higher order of man. They are supermen indeed. They sacrifice their time for the good of others, the possibilities of fortune (for there is no money in their work, often not even a good living), and often their lives, for many have fallen victims to their dangerous calling, and are enrolled among the martyrs. They make glorious discoveries, but, unlike ordinary discoverers and inventors, they give to humanity free of charge with all speed, without patent or reward, the results of their work. These are members of the great unchartered societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals and for the prevention of cruelty to men. Their animal experimentation, which requires vivisection, has been necessary to attain the vast good already accomplished. Perhaps many thousands of animals have had to perish to reach that goal. But what are these thousands of experiments, carried on humanely under anesthetics, compared with the innumerable millions cited above that die to provide man food and clothing, that are slaughtered needlessly for the luxurious decoration of women, that are maimed and mutilated by the decrees of utility, custom, or fashion? These experiments have led to the prevention of untold suffering, torture, and death—and not among men alone, for the lower animals have themselves been well repaid for the small sacrifice required of them by the abolition among them of painful and devastating diseases such as Texas fever, anthrax, quarter evil, rinderpest, and the like.

I have not space to enumerate here all that they have done for man. But did you ever see a child die of diphtheria? When I began practicing thirty years ago, death from diphtheria was very common, and a lingering, horrible death by choking. I

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has made diphtheria a mild and almost innocuous disease. This is but one of a catalogue of such disorders. What limit of benefaction can we place even upon one such discovery? Think of the countless thousands of human lives already saved by it, far in excess, I am sure, of the number of animals sacrificed to attain it, and of the millions yet to be saved by this knowledge as the years flow on!

I do not ask you to be convinced by anything I have said. I only ask that you read widely upon all of the matters here discussed and consider carefully all the facts and principles involved before adopting a conclusion.

## The 3,000 "Saloon in Our Town" Manuscripts

(Concluded from page 21)

at the opening of the third paragraph. Several of the articles fluttered red ribbons at the mastheads. Pink envelopes enclosed two of the contributions. One article was doubled and folded and tied down to the size of the average donation; but, when we undid it, it kept releasing new areas, till its surface measure was found to be four feet by three for each of its pages.

Stamps were carefully but variously enclosed for the dreaded "return." Three friends sent stamp-books. One person, who had had sickness in the family, enclosed four cents in a doctor's prescription envelope.

Maine was pretty well divided on the prohibition matter. Half the inhabitants who wrote us were convinced that the years of restriction had been blessed to the community. Just as many gave vivid descriptions of their local doggery, blind tiger, and blind pig.

Up from the South came innumerable little pictures of the dispensary system, the drug store, the grocery store, and "wet clubs."

Every sort of thing was said about Milwaukee. It was happy, care-free—it was vice-ridden. All the Milwaukee manuscripts were well written. And gradually, after the W. C. T. U. had said its say, the articles from that town fell into a kind of unanimity. We may be unduly suspicious, but there was a forced gaiety about some of those Milwaukee essays. It was as if the tired press agents of benevolent brewers had ground out some frenzied praise of a drenched town.

The attack on the saloon, where there was an attack, has become pointed in a way that the old-time ascetics had no knack for. Instead of denouncing the liquor traffic, one King's Daughter gives the prescription—"Martelle 3x"—to be turned in at the bland drug store when you are looking for a hot time in your old town which has gone No-License.

Perhaps fifty manuscripts gave the balance-sheet indictment. To the credit of the saloon they put the revenues and license money. And then scorched the saloon on the debit side, with the expenses of police, courts, hospitals, and jails.

Friends of the open saloon show the human side of the institution. They tell how the liquor dealer befriends the hungry and the unwarmed and the friendless. They point out that Puritanism has cumulatively proved for over two centuries that it simply can not go it alone. They insist that nothing so human as the saloon shall be treated as an alien institution, and they plead for a mellowing of the crusading spirit with kindly elements.

## A Marriage Over the Bar

The Saloon Phonograph Rendering  
the Wedding March at  
the Witching Hour

By GEORGE B. HOYT



THE little village of Hay-loft supports one saloon. It is a simple structure, being one story in height, weather-beaten, and not an imposing building. It is equipped with a pool-table of ancient design, the pockets being made from worn-out felt hats; two card-tables, covered over with heavy wrapping paper, occupy one side of the room; a checkerboard has a position near the card-tables; two long



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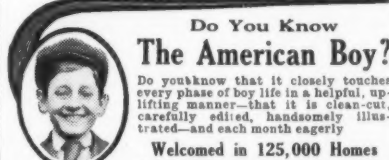
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Bake the tomato sauce with the beans—bake it into them. That's the reason for our delicious blend.

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30 IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

wooden benches, armchairs and cushions, afford seats; a large box stove, with a capacity for a good-sized log, has its position in the center of the room, and sends forth abundance of heat; three kerosene lamps, supported by tin brackets, illuminate the interior; faded pictures of bulldogs, pugilists, actors, and horses adorn the walls; several gunpowder cans, cut in two, and filled with sawdust, answer the purpose of cuspidors; in the southeast corner is the bar where beverages are sold, being drawn from kegs by means of wooden faucets; an alcohol lamp is stationed on one end of the bar for the convenience of smokers; a phonograph is a companion to the lamp, and evening concerts are a specialty.

There is no "tick" in the saloon of our town. Behind the bar is a large framed sign bearing an old verse, which is lived up to the very letter. It reads:

"My friend did come and I did trust him;  
I lost my friend and I lost his custom.  
To lose my friend, it grieved me sore,  
So I resolved to trust no more."

The saloon is headquarters for the male population. The genial proprietor is a politician and office-holder, being justice of the peace, and during his incumbency no one has been convicted of public intoxication; he is an authority on all subjects, and his advice is eagerly sought.

From late in the fall until early spring the saloon is a hive of activity. The click of pool-balls, the thump of cards, and the move of checkers can be heard day and night.

Now and then a representative of a brewery, who has announced his coming by postal-card, finds the saloon well filled, and at his invitation to "have something," the crowd accepts in relays. The place is always packed on "brewery days." His goods are the best on the market; also his competitor who follows a few days later.

During the quiet periods of the day the horse swap of the "bay" is rehearsed, family feuds are gone over, scandals recalled, the downfall of "Jim" laid bare.

All aspirants for political positions seek the "O. K." of the saloon, and if they be good spenders their nomination and election is assured.

### Waiting at the Door

WINTER had just set in with all its fury. The phonograph was wound up, and the evening concert began to a small audience who braved the storm to come to the little saloon. The "mocking bird" whistled a bar with a howling wind accompaniment; the chimes of the cathedral were imitated by the dingling of the beer sign on the outside as the wind shook it. The machine was rewound, a record placed on it announcing General Jones's order to his men on the battlefield. A gust of wind put in the realistic effect by entering the chimney, forcing the smoke down the stovepipe, filling the room with blue smoke, just as the general shouted: "Fire, boys!" There was a biff and a bang, and when the smoke cleared away there was cheering and the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." At midnight the concert ceased, the lights extinguished, and the proprietor retired to his room in the rear of the place.

The old weight clock tolled one long stroke and the proprietor fell asleep. In a few minutes his slumbers were interrupted by a pounding on the front door. (The proprietor is an accommodating man and answers all calls at all hours of the night.) He hurriedly went to the door and admitted two ladies and a gentleman. One of the ladies was scarce eighteen, the other her mother; the gentleman had seen the turning-point in life. After a thorough "warming up," they revealed the object of their early morning intrusion. The young lady had given her heart and hand to the gentleman, the mother had accompanied the pair to give her consent.

The phonograph was once more placed in commission. There was a snap and a crackle, and a voice announced: "Mendelssohn's Wedding March," as played by the Grill and Grill Concert Orchestra. The bride and groom, prearranged, marched in precision to the end of the bar and took a position under a neatly framed distiller's sign. Garbed in the robe in which he had retired, the saloon-justice read a few passages from a large yellow book and they were pronounced man and wife.

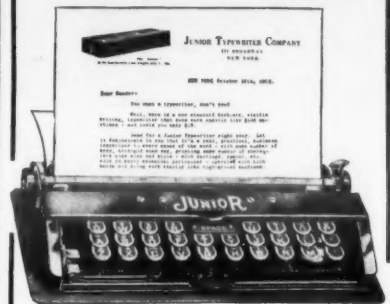
A wedding breakfast, consisting of limburger cheese, pigs' feet, and crackers, was served. The phonograph rattled off piece after piece. At four A. M. the party left. The proprietor received his marriage fee and the price of the breakfast.

The saloon of our town is in a flourishing condition, and long may it live is the prayer of its patrons.

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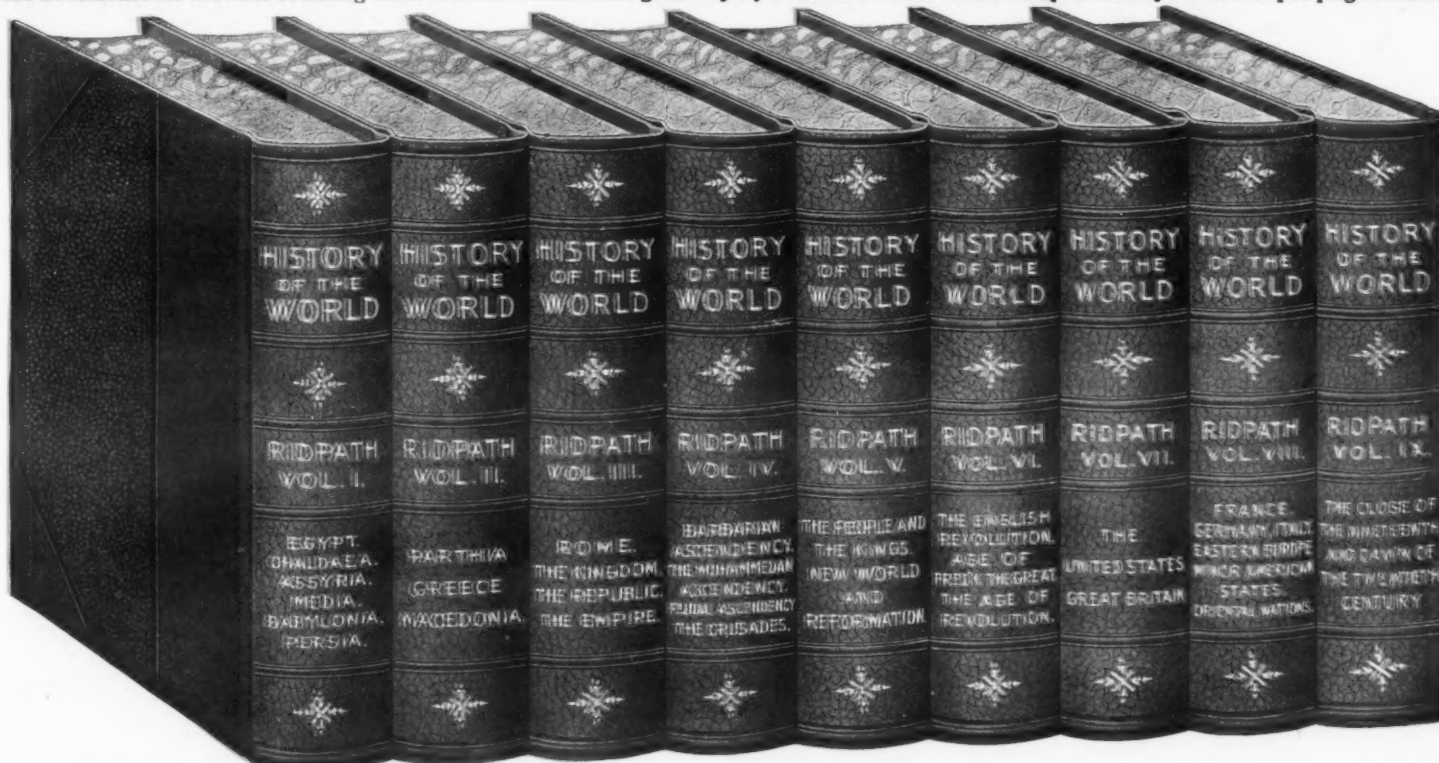
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